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THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

Dec. 5, 1914

The Hon

H. H. Asquith



England's Man at the Helm

By H. B. Needham

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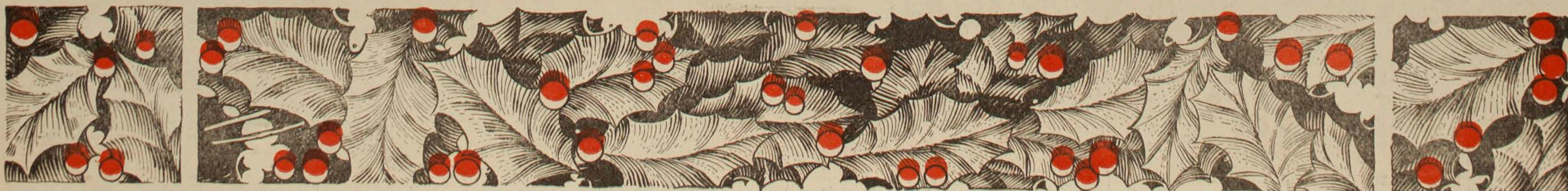


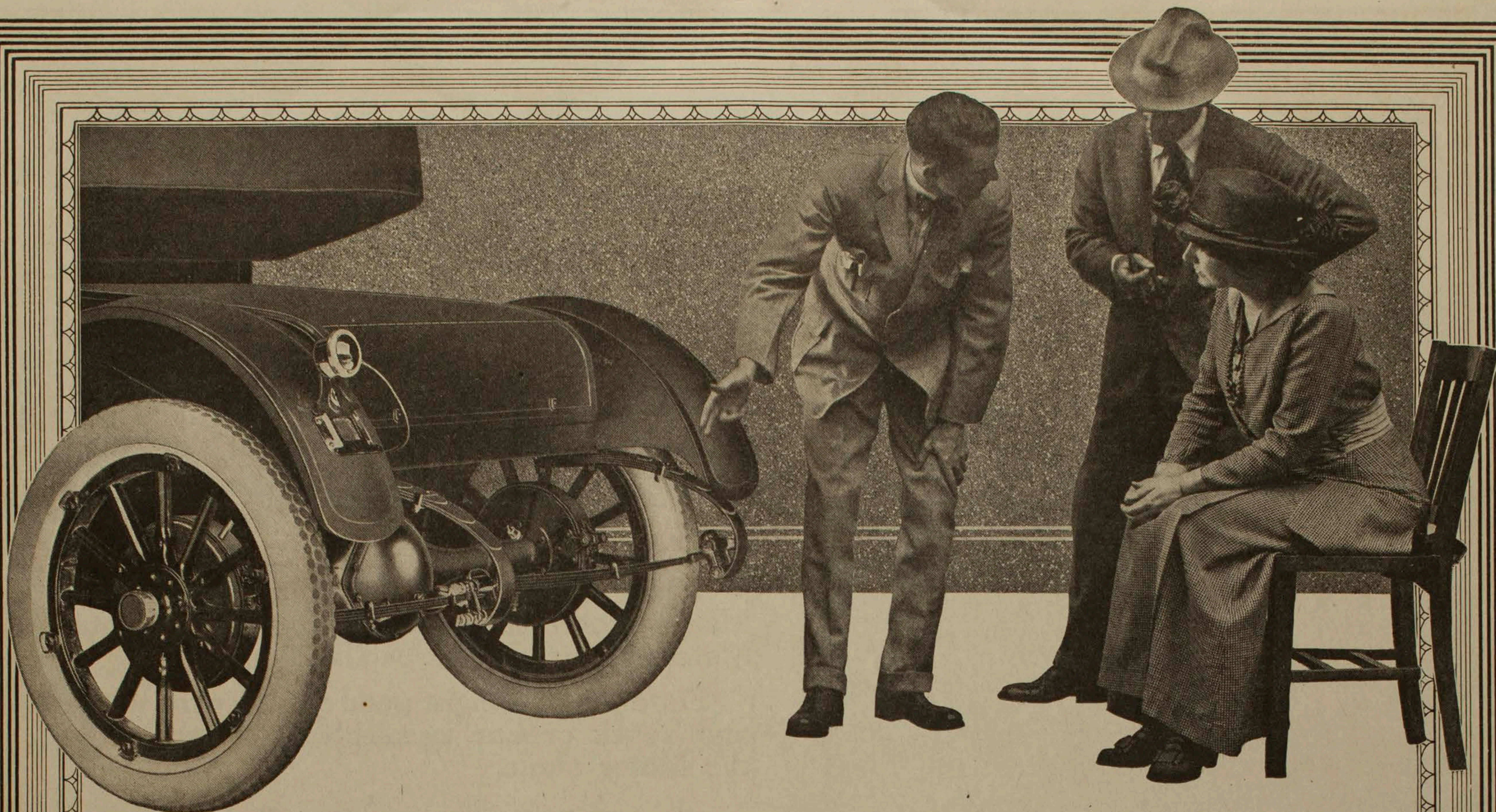
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ASQUITH

England's Man at the Helm

BY H. B. NEEDHAM

BEHIND me is a considerable experience in studying our public men at close range.

I have interviewed Mr. Wilson and, early in his Presidency, Mr. Taft. Several times I have interviewed Mr. Roosevelt. But the Prime Minister is another story, quite another story. While approachable, Mr. Asquith is a particularly hard person to get at, then to get to! He is the exceptional public man who, far from courting publicity, by nature and habit shuns the limelight.

They do not wait luncheon for the master of the house at Ten Downing Street. This informality did not obtain when cowboys, muckrakers, and "bad" men rubbed elbows with native and foreign culture at 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue. Even in those democratic days at the White House the noontide feast of reason never began without the chief logician.

But this wasn't a feast of reason. It was an appetizing luncheon—"nothing to write home about," as they say over here, but wholesome, nourishing, and capable of satisfying a robust hunger, beginning, as it did, with Irish stew. And those present were not there altogether for conversation. Not that there wasn't conversation: clever, witty, interesting table talk; but one didn't feel guilty of lèse majesté in taking a bite.

Another mark of informality was the raiment of the men. In a land where schoolboys and "clarks" wear top hats with utter abandon, and where coats, if not seized early from the maker, inevitably grow tails, it was positively shocking to see, with one painful exception, nothing but lounge—that is, sack—coats at the luncheon. If there is anything more disconcerting than not being dressed with adequate formality at a function, it is finding oneself overdressed at what is not a function. I know now how the minister must have felt at the Sunday-school picnic.

His most implacable enemy, so I'm told and can believe, would never suggest that Mr. Asquith had in him anything of the actor. Certainly, when he entered the room, he did not play the part of Prime Minister, as I had conceived it. He appeared strong and healthy and—British. Though his hair is almost white, his face is youthful, discounting his age by ten years. A reserved man, who might have been a shy professor of Greek as he bowed, not without geniality, and walked quietly to his place. Oh, irritating British calm!

At this, my glimpse of him near to, he seemed a different person than in the House of Commons. There he is today the figure of most influence, dominating the House because of his high efficiency, and swaying the galleries, as he did the audience at the Guildhall, by the force of his oratory. He never makes a bad speech, although he has tough cases at times; for he enjoys carrying other people's mistakes on his shoulders. A natural feeling for beautiful English, a rare choice of words—not of rare words—distinguish a style that easily and clearly makes its points and damages adversaries. Nothing but thorough scholarship and long training in public speaking could produce such truly eloquent

addresses; and one is not surprised to learn that his career at the City of London School and at Oxford was strewn with classical prizes; nor surprised to know that his favorite diversion at the university, aside from walking, was the Union. At debate he overshadowed all others of his day. But one is relieved to find that he didn't carry his scholarship to excess. When he became a Fellow of Oxford he was the only don at Balliol content with a B. A. He remains a B. A. to this day. And he puts his classical scholarship to good use, as witness:

"For rest and recreation Mr. Asquith often renders the 'Barrack Room Ballads' into Greek."

This view of the Prime Minister off duty was given me by Mrs. Asquith, a genuine personality and a woman of unusual charm, who is devoted to her husband's career. I was on the point of asking her what other form of "relaxation" he was addicted to, when there was a sudden hush, much as if the Prime Minister had risen to speak. One could instinctively feel that he was about to tell something of particular importance. Of course it must be of the war. With simplicity that made it all the more dramatic, and temperately, Mr. Asquith told of the loss of three warships—the cruisers *Aboukir*, *Cressy*, and *Hogue*—12,000-ton boats. As he made this announcement of the first disaster to the British navy, one thought primarily of his serenity. In not the slightest degree was he flustered, yet he wasn't indifferent. You knew intuitively that he was moved, but he did not unmask. His poise was admirable.

"Mines?" some one asked.

"Torpedoed by submarine," we were informed.

"Were the officers and crews saved?" was the anxious question.

"The Admiralty, so far, has not heard."

"We must expect some losses," remarked one.

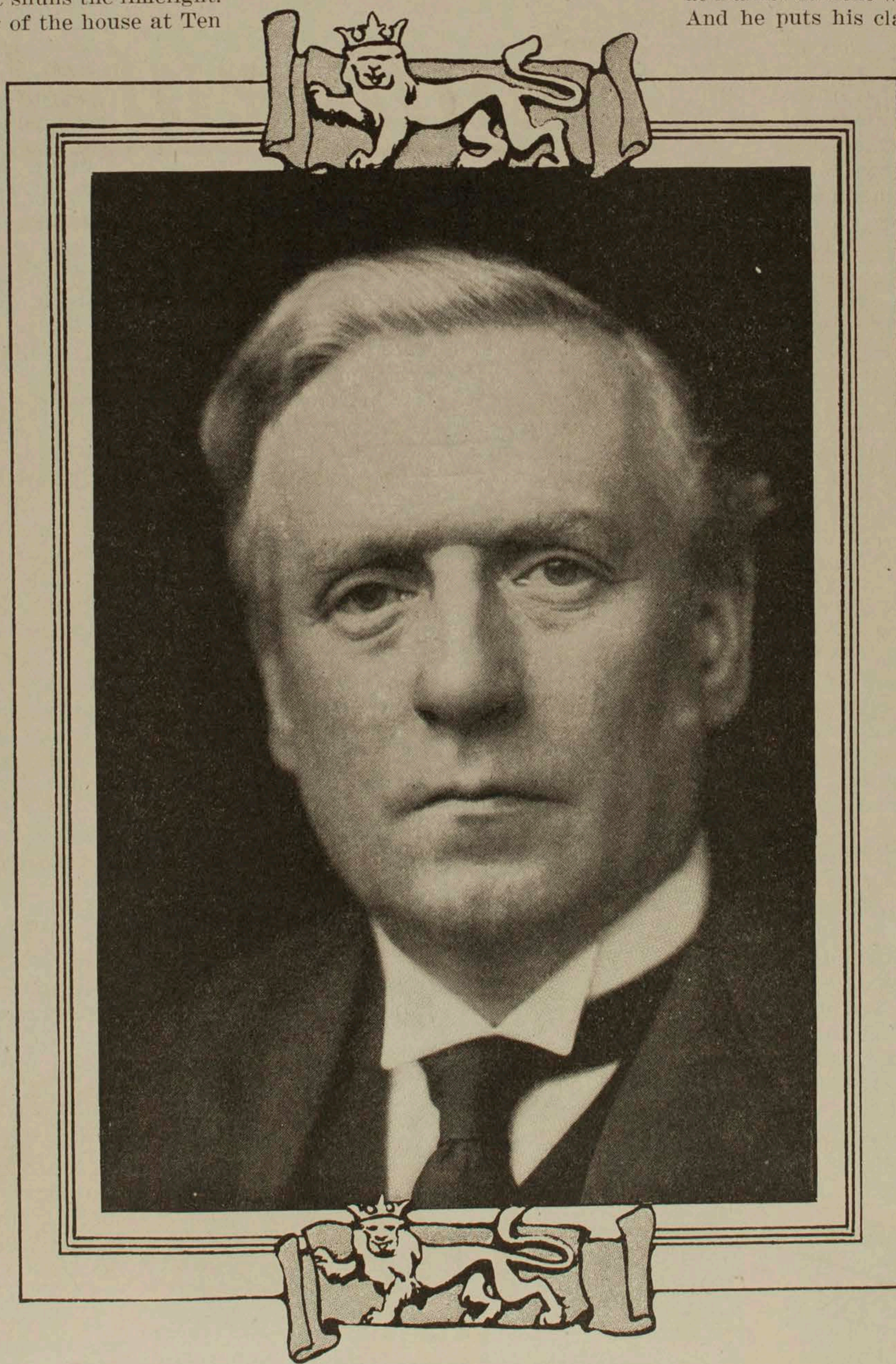
"But we do not like to lose a ship without getting something back," was the reply.

That was all. Nothing about revenge, no boasting. A cool head, indeed, to have over all the Government!

Another incident demonstrated again Mr. Asquith's reserve, but at the same time revealed the man's warm heart. His youngest son, Anthony, aged eleven, who so early has shown proficiency in Greek, Latin, and French, was to go away to school that afternoon. As he was being excused to return to play, his father called him over, at the same time fumbling in his pocket. The nature of the transfer that followed was carefully hidden beneath the table, but there was no hiding the father's smile, or the beaming face of the boy, or his

query: "Will it hurt to crinkle it?"—"No," said Mr. Asquith with dignified rapture.

Positively human, not at all a man on a pedestal, was the Prime Minister. My awe of him vanished. He might not be so hard to talk to, I assured myself. But he was more unrevealing than any statesman I ever went up against! In the acrimonious Home Rule debate, when accused of breach of promise and breach of faith,



"Strong and healthy and British. Though Mr. Asquith's hair is almost white, his face is youthful, discounting his age by ten years. Calm by day, by night at peace"

after reading the record to demonstrate the absurdity of the charge, the Prime Minister said:

"If that is a matter of any importance, so far as my personal honor is concerned, I am quite content to leave it in the keeping of my countrymen."

If personal honor, how much more readily would he repose in his countrymen the weighing of his good works, the assessment of his meed of popular appreciation? He doesn't care a hang about publicity. Moreover, propaganda is not among England's weapons.

Eminent fairness, or, if that is putting it too strong for a neutral, a desire to be eminently fair, characterizes the Prime Minister's comment upon the war. Not only in his public remarks is this true, but in private conversation. Everything he says is in the best of temper and marked by unvarying moderation. There is, moreover, no note of infallibility in his statements or arguments—nothing to the effect that England can do no wrong. Quite the contrary.

It has been our misfortune—Mr. Asquith's viewpoint (having in mind, perhaps, the Boer War, which split the Liberal party from top to toe)—as it is the misfortune of most peoples at some stage of their history—to use our armed forces on behalf of a dispute as to the justice of which there was division of opinion at home: uneasiness as to the wisdom of the diplomacy, anxiety as to the expediency of the policy, doubts as to the essential righteousness of the cause.

Why England Fights

THAT is not the case to-day. Our gallant soldiers and sailors take into their arduous and hazardous task the assurance that they have behind them not only the material resources, great and inexhaustible as they are, of the British Empire, but they have that which is better still—the universal feeling among those who are their fellow citizens that they are the instruments and agents not of aggression, not of vengeance, but of freedom and justice.

We are at war for three reasons: In the first place, and primarily, to vindicate the sanctity of treaty obligations and of what is properly called the public law of Europe; in the second place, to assert and to enforce the independence of free states, relatively small and weak, against the encroachments and the violence of the strong; and, in the third place, to withstand, as we believe in the best interests not only of our own Empire, but of civilization at large, the arrogant claim of a single power to dominate the development of the destinies of Europe.

If you ask me what we are fighting for, I can reply in two sentences: To fulfill a solemn international obligation—an obligation which, if it had been entered into between private persons in the ordinary concerns of life, would have been regarded as an obligation, not only of law, but of honor, and which no self-respecting man could have repudiated. Secondly, to vindicate the principle that small nationalities are not to be crushed in defiance of international good faith at the arbitrary will of a strong and overmastering power.

There is not a Minister who, during the trying days leading up to the war, did not have clearly before his vision the suffering—the almost brutal suffering—that war must bring, not only to us who live in this country, and to those of the other countries of Europe, but to posterity. Every step we took was taken with that vision before our eyes and with a sense of responsibility, which it is impossible to describe in words. In spite of our efforts for peace, and with full and overpowering consciousness of the results of war, we thought it to be the duty as well as the interest of this country to unsheath the sword. But every possibility of peace had been exhausted.

Mr. Asquith Blames Germany

NO MAN in the history of the world has ever labored more strenuously or more successfully than Sir Edward Grey for that which is the supreme interest of the modern world—a general and abiding peace. Over a year ago, it should not be forgotten, largely due to the steps taken by him, the ambassadors of the great powers met in London every day and week after week, under the strain of the Balkan crisis, curtailing the area of possible differences, reconciling warring ambitions and aims, preserving against almost incalculable odds the general harmony, and circumscribing the zone of conflict.

It was in the same spirit and with the same purpose that the Foreign Secretary, when Austria deliv-

ered her ultimatum to Servia, put forward the proposal for a mediating conference between the four powers not directly concerned—Germany, France, Italy, and Great Britain. If that proposal had been accepted, the actual controversy would have been settled with honor to everybody, and the whole of this terrible war and bloodshed would have been averted. Why was it not accepted? One power, and one power only, blocked the way to a conference, and that power was Germany.

I wish all who sincerely desire to fix, fairly and without bias, the responsibility for the illimitable sufferings which now confront the world, would read the diplomatic correspondence respecting the European crisis—read, learn, and mark. Especially would I ask that the communications between Berlin and London, and between Vienna and his Majesty's Government, be carefully considered. The justice of England's cause rests upon this correspondence—and here we are content it should rest.

"The Case for Great Britain"

A WORD at this point of interpretation. It is no doubt true that a reporter who keeps eyes and ears open can form a pretty fair judgment of the purposes of those who come under his observation. Ulterior designs are not long dissembled. This being so,



Mrs. Asquith and Anthony Asquith, aged eleven—one of the Prime Minister's seven children

I say most emphatically that the British Government's one desire, so far as American opinion is concerned, is to keep the White Paper fresh in mind; that America may not come to say, as certain German writers already have suggested, that the cause of the war—or, better, the responsibility for the war—has been

lost sight of. If the record of negotiations leading up to the war is clear, understood, and not forgotten, England is content to have events take their course.

Complaint was made at one time that some regiments of recruits in Kitchener's army,

owing to the difficulty of the War Office in keeping pace with the volume of volunteers, were not so well fed and cared for as the German prisoners in England. This complaint was repeated in my presence to the Lord Chancellor, Viscount Haldane, a former War Minister who is now unofficially aiding Lord Kitchener. His reply was

significant:

"We are not only doing with German prisoners what is required by the Hague Convention, but we are doing all that is required."

In other words, England is taking action all along the line to strengthen what she honestly believes to be a good case.

The "case for Great Britain" in this Old World conflict, Mr. Asquith looks at, it seemed to me, as a lawyer—but his type of lawyer. This requires explanation.

He was called to the bar at Lincoln's Inn in June, 1876. After his success before the Parnell Commission he became Queen's Counsel (grade above barrister), and gradually concentrated on appellate work before the House of Lords and the Privy Council. He was earning, I'm told, £15,000 a year when he became Prime Minister.

The bar celebrated the elevation of one of its members to the premiership, and on that occasion Sir Edward Clarke said of him: "For thirty years he has preserved an untarnished shield."

A Man of Peace—at Peace

THAT by day he is habitually calm and unruffled, and by night at peace, is the man's miracle. Lord Rosebery could not throw off the trials and perplexities of the premiership, and official life became a burden. Herbert Henry Asquith, born in Yorkshire of Puritan stock sixty-two years ago, can and does. He never takes his business home with him, notwithstanding his home is his place of business.

A few years ago we in America presented our Chief Executive with a one-story bandbox in which to transact public business. The consequent removal of office seekers from the White House transformed it into the home of the President. But the Chief Executive of the British Government is hidden away in a corner, both officially and privately domiciled in a house of dull-brown brick which, from the outside at least, would be considered unworthy a Cabinet officer's dignity in the United States.

Within doors, however, the residence of the Prime Minister is delightful—a characteristic attributable to the taste and simplicity of furniture and decorations, the quality of the pictures, and to an atmosphere one naturally associates with Cabinet councils of vital importance to the British Empire and the world.

To go no farther into the past than August of this year: here it was determined to draw the sword in defense of the title of Belgium and the smaller nationalities to a "place in the sun," as the Prime Minister (speaking at Dublin) deftly turned the Kaiser's pet phrase.

To grasp the significance of his remarkable leadership, it is essential to hold in view the course of reform prior to his ministry. Briefly, then:

Seven Years of Asquith

THE first reform bill, enlarging the Parliamentary franchise, was passed in 1832, but it took fifty-two years to bring about the present somewhat restricted franchise. Gladstone's reforms began with Irish Church Disestablishment in 1869, followed by the Irish Land Act in 1870, and his Ballot Act two years later.

In 1886 he introduced his first Home Rule Bill, was defeated, and in 1893 passed his second Home Rule measure through the House of Commons. Such is the general summary of the period 1832-93, about sixty years.

It is no exaggeration to say that more far-reaching reforms have been achieved in the seven years of Mr. Asquith's premiership. Under his leadership Lloyd-George's famous budget of 1909, with revolutionary reforms in taxation, and the National Insurance Act, which

(Continued on page 32)

SAFE-DEPOSIT ANNIE

BY E. S. JOHNSON

ILLUSTRATED BY PAUL STAHR

"BUT—" said Annie Doran, ceasing to click the keys. These were the last of the district president's letters, the private and particular ones, which went straight onto the feed roll without any carbon copies and stenographic notes. She looked up at her employer, busy fingers arrested by some inward puzzle. It was three-forty of a December afternoon; the late sun came in the office window and made the room mercilessly light. Tierney sat facing the full blaze of it, his desk littered with stationery of the United Mine Workers, his afternoon's letters waiting in a neat pile under his elbow ready to be signed. He frowned, pre-occupied and resenting interruption.

"I haven't contradicted myself. For the Lord's sake, go on! It's my letter—over a little private editing of the Westmoor tally sheets; for with the judges of election right everything goes."

"But—" "Look here," said the district president in a sort of wonder. "What's got into you? In two years I never knew you to mix in before."

"It's just the opposite of the letter you sent the Mayor yesterday. They can't both be the truth."

SAFE-DEPOSIT ANNIE was nearly twenty-one, with a sweet little round face, rather pale from office heat, and gray Irish eyes under long lashes. She was union labor born and bred, as fast a stenographer as the Sisters' school had ever trained, and an efficient, confidential secretary to the president of Anthracite District B. But her peculiar fitness for her post lay in rarer qualities. She had a memory as ordered as the British Museum and as absolute as the Babylonish tile books; her discretion was the size of the Great Pyramid; and she never talked business. She smiled instead. It was a baffled emissary of the "Sun" who, getting smiles instead of coal-strike news, nicknamed her Safe-Deposit Annie. In a year trade-unionists had made the sobriquet a fond, respectful tribute throughout the coal regions.

"I know what I'm saying. Joe's safe. Go ahead." Annie's great, honest eyes regarded him. "But—" she motioned toward the typewriter—"what's the good of going on signed paper two different ways Thursday and then Friday? Our local unions vote next Tuesday. And suppose the Sunday papers—"

HE whistled. "It wouldn't do to allow Shea quite that handicap on me, would it? Skip Westmoor, then. Go on, please. 'This using my locals in county politics has been a grand thing for holding the interest, so we are all paid up for twenty-seven thousand men. I am starting in an hour for Atlantic City to meet the new board very quietly, and most likely will mail this in New York. With good wishes, very truly yours—' There, that's safe and sane enough for anybody. For I certainly don't intend to quit being president of this district till I'm something bigger."

"All?" queried she, fingers resting. The door to the corridor opened, interrupting them. Tierney took from a messenger boy a sealed note.

"All right. No answer," he told the boy, after a glance at the folded sheet in the envelope. He closed the door, slipped on the spring latch, and crossed to stand by the typewriter in the window.

"Annie," he said in a changed voice, "read that. Do you know what—that—name—stands for?"

"Ch, how wonderful!—that is, if you're sure. It couldn't be a newspaper trap?"

"It's no trap. I've had a hint that he might want to see me. And since the county elections—it means I'm somebody to deal with. He never tinkers with small fry."

"To call him up at a pay station at a drug store, though!"

"What kind of a story would it start for him to be coming here? Or me go to his room at the hotel? There isn't a workingman in the country wouldn't holler I'd been asked my price. I've got to meet him without anybody's knowing it. Exactly what time is it now?" Miss Doran looked through the dun and golden mists overhanging the town, and barely made out the clock tower. "Four-seventeen, about."

"Waiting two minutes now!" Tierney stepped to the telephone and called a number from the paper in his hand. In the booth at the corner drug store at the upper end of the city a man was evidently waiting; for his response was instant.

"Yes," said Tierney. "This is the party you wished to speak to. I've just got your note—at four-seventeen instead of fifteen. Yes. Yes—"

WHILE he listened, his stenographer made envelopes ready and busied herself with the routine papers needing signature before the leader should leave his district. The summons to Atlantic City was important, a recognition of the man. But this other unsought conversation transcended any honor District B had won before. Her eyes shone and her hands wavered a little with young elation as she covered her machine. "I'd expected to take the five-five limited to New York," Tierney's voice said, answering the murmur of the wire. "I dare say you know half a dozen men are going to the seashore to consult on ways and means. They sent for me."

"Possibly." "No, none of the Country Club servants knows me," he admitted with a laugh. Social vanity was not his besetting sin. "Safest thing you know, unless there's a reporter fellow dodging after you. But somebody'll have to meet me. I don't know the road into the place."

"Little card room in the basement. Nine-thirty. Yes."

"Oh, I can arrange. Auto, you say. Where?" "Yes, the corner of Tuck and Franklin is quiet, if that suits you. I'll be on hand. There are some other trains; it's only a six-hour trip, and I can show up down there in the morning early. Yes, I understand that." He hung up the receiver.

"Annie," he said, standing with his back to the instrument, "you and I will have to put up a bluff of going to New York on the Limited at five. I didn't expect to need you. But I will."

"Oh, I'd rather not, Mr. Tierney! Can't you—"

"SEND for that backman that scouts for the newspapers and have him take over your machine into the baggage room right away," planned the president rapidly, not even hearing her remonstrance, "and get a 'Chronicle' reporter on hand at the station to surprise and annoy me very much. We'll be early. We'll take a stateroom and begin dictating like 'all-get-out'; and they'll see my hat on the rack with a New York ticket in it, and draw their own conclusions. Have to lose that hat: you wouldn't want to be bothered. Say, what's the matter?"

"I don't want to go to-night. I suppose I can't tell my folks, can I?"

"Certainly not. Here, I'll sign those. Whatever happens, nobody's to find out about the Country Club. He's a big man, and I'm a little 'un, yet; and he'd have my hide on the fence in a week if anything happened that he thought I'd leaked. No, sir! You've got to post those letters for me in New York and say nothing."

"I had a date. I was going to the theatre to-night. And if I don't come home, nor explain ahead to—"

Her round, childish face darkened with trouble. The labor leader, she knew well, needed the protection of that trip to New York to mask his evening's interview. Cornelius Shea, his organization rival, kept satanically well posted as to his every look and word.

"Matt Tierney's no silk stocking!" cried the "Chronicle" man. "That's the miner of it! It'd be like him. But would he want it known? My crimes, what a story!"

The gentlemanly league of mine owners sometimes spent money to have him shadowed and sometimes not, as the fitful spirit moved them. Reporters were always dangerous, worse than ever since Tierney's late excursion into county politics. Finally, the greatness of the great man himself was like a huge electric sign in mid city.

"You could think up some other way of being seen on the train, couldn't you, without me?"

HE SHOOK his head. His mind wove on to guard that evening's consultation. With a strike of the coal miners probable for April, and national conventions of all the political parties meeting in early summer to choose candidates for the White House, even small secrets like the district president's comings and goings became news worth spying out. Tierney, the leader, meant to snatch his followers some greater or less advantage out of this winter's strife of parties. Also, Tierney the man, in an unreasoned sort of way, sometimes experienced five minutes' consuming jealousy of a tall young limb of the law who took Annie Doran—the office's Safe-Deposit Annie—to plays and parties. This jealousy stung him now. It made him crafty.

"You're tired of being District B's good angel, then?"

"That's silly talk." "Annie," he said with earnestness, leaning forward over the papers on her table, "in two years you've earned the name they call you, right enough—Safe-Deposit. More'n that, besides, I think you've kept me out of some shabby deals, unnecessary lies, and easy money. I know 'tisn't personal. It's for our cause. Now to-day can't you see me through?"

"But so long as I can't say you didn't go—" "You mean the lawyer's jealous of the faithful way you stick to your job and don't tittle-tattle? Lord! He must be far gone!"

"Who said I was talking about Larry Glidden?" "I don't want to queer you. But you've been to all the conventions with me; and who said a word? I don't booze. I'm a steady old boss. None of the reporters raked up any reason, did they, why I wasn't a fit person to hire Safe-Deposit Annie for my work?"

THE girl still hesitated. "How about it?" "You can always make a thing sound easy when you want to; I wouldn't take it just on that. But you've got more at stake than I have."

"It's my big day, and a slip would smash me. Annie, we haven't much time. I'll telephone the station and reserve the room. Or do you refuse to go?"

"For the convention," she insisted, "we told everybody beforehand, and we didn't go at night. Don't you see a difference?"

"I see, all right. But who else'll help my bluff of getting out of town, if you won't? Besides, you can come up on the sleeper and get breakfast in the station, and be here on the job when the nosey ones come round to spy."

"I think that would be worse than going on to Atlantic City and meeting you there."

"Yes, or no?" said Tierney, hand upon the telephone.





Quite illegally, the door blew partly open. In its space was framed a tall figure wearing green glasses, cotton pads on face, hands, and neck, and an elaborate skull bandage. A carbolic smell preceded him. The Grand Jury to a man recognized the approved method of bandaging bad burns

"Listen! What's that boy calling? It's an extra." Out in the corridors of the building home-going men and girls were running and exclaiming. A boy was selling papers. "Disaster at the Portdale! I've got to get one. Wait." Annie Doran was still weighing and doubting when her employer returned. He shut the door behind him and went to stand at the window space, facing the smoky sunset. The paper hung from his hand.

THE whole day shift, near two hundred men! It's my old mine. I know the place and I know they're trapped. And, my God, here I'm going to see that human mint to-night in an automobile at a Country Club, while up inside the mountain there they're tryin' to stay alive in the smoke, makin' a fight of it! That's where I ought to be! I know the workings, and they'll be short of help. Most of the bosses are inside. "It's a fire?"

"Fans down, roof falling, three explosions! Oh, I tell you, it'll be one of the worst horrors we've had, if it isn't taken just right from the first; and how can it be if the bosses are in it? They've sent for the mine inspector of this district—he flourished the newspaper—"to direct operations! And this noon when I went for my dinner I met him out here so drunk he couldn't direct his own feet!"

"Don't, Mr. Tierney. This time you can't go," said twenty-year-old Annie firmly. "My own father was killed in the mines; the others tried to help him, but they were too slow; so I know what I'm talking about. But you can't go."

"If I had on mine clothes, who'd suspect? With some black on my face—"

"But he—the man to-night—would think you did it not to meet him. You've got thousands of men to consider."

"I know just where the gas gathers. A stranger don't. By midnight the long slope will kindle, and there's no real second opening to the split vein; it's early work or none. Why, I worked in that mine seven years, and I tell you those men are my old buddies and my friends! What do I care for politics and bankers, against getting the boys out alive?"

YOU were just telling me what my job was," said Safe-Deposit Annie after a minute, "and I hated it because it was tricky, and I didn't want to do it, not for any cause. See?" She began to pin on her hat. "I'm going to put mine through. How 'bout yourself? We're near train time."

The district president had not set himself to school to experience for nothing. Temperament, the tradi-

tions of courage, the trained miner's instinctive and unquestioning impulse to rescue mates underground, all impelled him toward the burning mine. Cold reason, ever a hangdog virtue to an Irishman, ordered him to his official post. Yet Tierney, sitting in judgment, managed, it seemed, to give the case to cold reason.

He walked to the telephone, called a hackman, and reserved a place on the Limited. The whole farce should be carried through.

"Only I do wish," spoke Annie as they left the office, "that if you possibly can, after you get through interviewing him up among the swells, you'd call up Larry from some safe telephone. Tell him I've been sent ahead on the five o'clock and couldn't notify him about the theatre. And tell him you're going later. It'll be a weight off my mind."

"I mustn't take risks," said Tierney absently. "But I'll try."

ON SATURDAY at nine Miss Doran was at her place in the office—rather heavy-eyed, rather heavy-hearted, but outwardly mistress of events. She had begun her day with calling up Atlantic City on the long-distance wire. Then there was plenty of correspondence to be attended to, especially letters to go to the hundred and thirty local unions of the presidency concerning Tierney's reelection on Tuesday. Miss Doran applied herself, with the realization that much depended on her tact.

In the middle of the morning her stepfather walked into the office and sat down in a swivel chair. Dennis Callan was fat, windy, and important. Nature had framed him, twenty years too late, for a walking delegate of the old school; in the modern trades-union he managed to live without manual labor, but never attained authority. "Where's his Nibs?" inquired this chunky person, swinging in the chair.

"Went out of town last night on business," replied Annie, hammering on with a sentence.

"N'Yawk?"

"Very likely."

"Paterson? Connecticut?"

"I hardly think so."

"What d'ye know?" Dennis shot at her suddenly, arm and finger menacing. "Tell the truth, now!"

"You know very well," said his stepdaughter calmly, "that I don't talk about my job."

"Where was you all last night? You weren't to your own home. And he wasn't to his boarding house where he belongs."

"I was most of the time on trains. In Jersey City station two hours."

"Now see here! Shea isn't the omadhaun Matt thinks him. It'll be the ruin of Matt Tierney that he thinks he knows who he can despise. Shea ain't to be despised! He's springing a rotten piece on you two in the Sunday paper."

"The 'Townsmen'? Yes, of course!" Annie flushed painfully, but she was calm. "Their office is in this building." She got up and went to the telephone. Being put into communication with the scandal sheet, she was brief. "This is Mr. Tierney's office—the United Mine Workers—same building with you. Send a man upstairs if you want something." She rang off and called again. The "Daily Chronicle" answered her.

"Is Mr. Braithe in? Yes, yes, thank you. If he will come right over to Mr. Tierney's in the Penridge Block, we have something for this afternoon's paper. This is Miss Doran talking."

"They'll be here," she said to her stepfather, going back to her seat. "We don't talk so often we're stale. If there's nothing more than my going to New York, don't tell me their old scandal. I've got a lot to run off to-day." And thereafter only her machine broke the silence of the office.

BRAITHE of the afternoon paper came first. "Hello!" he cried joyously. "I'll have red ink and the first page—SAFE-DEPOSIT ANNIE SPLITS AT LAST! By heck, it's an honor!"

"I want you," Annie told him, smiling as she spoke, "to stop a silly personal scandal Shea has given the 'Townsmen' about me. Their man's coming in a minute; and that's the price of my news. It's a silly, lie, too."

"That goes," Braithe assured her, suddenly earnest. "I guess if anybody ought to know you're straight it's the newspapers. Isn't that so, Mr. Callan?" He scowled at the man, then nodded to Dougher of the "Townsmen," who came up the hall. "You here for the copy, too? You don't go to press as early as I do, though, so I don't object. Get busy. Now, then, Miss Doran?"

"Yesterday afternoon," the girl began, great, frank eyes wide, "Mr. Tierney was called out of town; I don't think I ought to say where to, but it was to a meeting with five other labor leaders beyond New York. We had lots of mail to get out, busy right up to four o'clock and not done then. He took a room on the parlor car, and sent my typewriter over, and I was to go down the road as far as he needed me and come back on the sleeper."

"I know," Braithe nodded. "Didn't I haunt you like a ghost while you were writing shorthand? But will you tell us where Tierney went?"

"I want you to find out. He's disappeared."
"Disappeared!"

"Yes. After the train started I had a great stack of notes; and says he: 'That'll last an hour. Here's the Pullman conductor's money and the tickets. I'll go through and have a smoke.' And he went."

"Why wouldn't he light up where he was?" Dougher demanded with a faint sneer.

"We've tried, and it makes me terribly car sick when I'm working fast. Mr. Sopwith, the conductor, knows us and he gave me both our train checks. You see, we'd got word of that accident before we started; it was Mr. Tierney's old mine; and he was wild to go up and help. Then at Newark Mr. Sopwith came back and said: 'I can't see your boss anywhere on this train!' And he wasn't. Only his hat."

"Business troubles?"

"Not so far as I know. But the train made one extra and one regular stop between here and Newark."

"You think he got off? Without his hat?"

"I don't know anything," said Safe-Deposit Annie with emphasis, "but yet I have a dread. It was his old mine. I'm afraid he slipped away and went back up to the Portdale."

"By George!" The "Chronicle" man slapped his pad on the table.

DOUGHER of the weekly was Massachusetts-born and new to the coal regions; he did not sense motive or plausibility in such a theory. "You don't think that? Why should he? Do the union officers have to report on accidents?"

"Matt Tierney's no silk stocking!" cried the "Chronicle" man. "That's the miner of it! It'd be like him. But would he want it known? Supposing he'd gone in with the helmet men, would he give his own name?"

"He said he could dirty his face and nobody'd know him; I remember now. Oh, Mr. Braithe, I wouldn't have said a word, only I can't leave here, and I've telephoned several places and can't find him, and the Portdale's dangerous! And I feel as if that's where he is. It's terrible. And I'm so worried, I thought the newspapers had better find him."

"My crimes, what a story! And your locals are to

vote him out on Tuesday, so I hear. Talk about the wisdom of Solomon's dove!"

"I'm not making up," remonstrated Miss Doran. Her eyes were dark with pain under those incomparable lashes.

"No, no, no, I know it! I'll look into it, you bet! Dougher, we've just two minutes to go down in the elevator and walk a block for the next Portdale car. I don't mean to miss it."

"Good-by," said Safe-Deposit Annie. "And do telephone me if you find one trace. I expect there's an awful confusion up there now. The poor women!"

As the door closed she sighed, put her palms across her forehead repeatedly as if brushing away some weary vision, and returned to the eternal lettered keys.

Outside in the corridor the postman whistled and poked a letter through the door slot. It was for Annie, and the writing kindled in her an eagerness clear as a flame. Matt Tierney had been thoughtful, then, and Larry did understand! She tore it open.

Out fell her note accepting his invitation for the theatre last night. No other word.

"**I**T'S your chance; decidedly, it's your chance," said the District Attorney to Larry Glidden.

And Larry nodded somberly. It was his chance, the step long waited for, the task which, well done, would insure practice and reputation. He intended to use it with all the brains there were in him; but sometimes chances come to a man a week too late.

"All right. If he's crooked, he's got to take his medicine. That Shea's a crook himself, though."

"The curious point is, Tierney reelected me last fall. Afterward he gave me a list of six youngish lawyers he wanted me to pick from when the county needed extra counsel. You were the only one I cared to consider in these election frauds."

"Why me?" Larry demanded bluntly. "Why me?"

"I had been smoking a par-ti-cu-lar-ly good cigar after a par-ti-cu-lar-ly good dinner," said that gentleman, matching his finger tips with extreme precision, "and reading a little Juvenal. Juvenal stimulates my faculty of irony. Being so stimulated, my faculty of irony decided me to put the matter in your hands."

You have moderate abilities: the least moderate of the six. Shea promises to bring the Grand Jury evidence of about ten kinds of conspiracy and fraud in every election precinct in Westmoor, with Tierney in the documents every time. Therefore, when you appear, consider the shock to leader Tierney! Always assuming, of course, that the Grand Jury can agree with Shea."

"You think he's skipped."

"Tierney? Yes."

"What for? And what from?"

"It's my personal belief," said the District Attorney mildly, "that all labor leaders have something to skip from. It may not be a felony. Or it may—"

"He never struck me as the skipping kind."

"The question of motive seems obscure. But that is one thing that you, with his best enemy's help, are to look into."

"There'd have been no election charges if he'd been here. His fellows 'ud swear anything for him; I believe they pray to him. He's too clever to vanish in advance."

"Ah," said the elder, rather bored. "Just so. You are retained, then, to go into this case. Have it ready for presentment in four days. By the way, the foreman is a strong Tierneyite. You'll have to look sharp or he'll summon defense witnesses in spite of you. That young female Bonaparte of a stenographer, for one, with the eyelashes."

No topic in the world was sorer. Larry Glidden retired from the prosecutor's office in disorder. And to think that, even two weeks ago, this chance might have meant marriage with Annie!

"**Y**OU'RE Miss Doran, private secretary to the said Matthew Tierney?" inquired the foreman of the Grand Jury. He knew perfectly well that she was.

"Yes, sir."

"Did you ever see this? Or this?"

Shea and Glidden, from opposite corners and opposite motives, sprang forward in protest. But the foreman was too quick for them, and some letters were in Annie's hands. Young Glidden sat down, well aware that an objection after the fact would prejudice such jurors as were still

(Continued on page 27)

THE MASTER OF LUMBERHURST

BY LEON MEAD

ILLUSTRATED BY HOWARD V. BROWN

"**N**OW will you be good?" said Giles Hudders to himself. He also blushed as he spoke—under a month-old stubble of beard. The husky bartender of a basement saloon had just kicked him out of the place for putting bread and bologna into his pocket—a great breach of etiquette in West Street; and though Giles had sinned darker sins, and been punished more heavily, he felt as bashful as a girl over the misadventure.

The raw February day was drawing to a close, an icy rain was falling, and the tattered garments of the penniless one were soon drenched. The discomfort ensuing did not add to the beauty of Giles Hudders, though I must tell you that he was the possessor of a pair of exceedingly handsome blue eyes. Oddly enough they looked in the mottled face of him, those forget-me-not blue eyes, like reflected stars in dirty water.

ON AND ON he went, the poor scarecrow, thinking of his misspent life. What a sloop he had made of it all! What debauches! As a common sailor he had breathed the salty whiffs of the Seven Seas; the scars on his neck were souvenirs of a fight, all but to the death, in a low dive in Singapore; and once for more than twelve months, along with other worthless derelicts, he had been a slouch of a beach comber on an island in the South Pacific. He had spread in many ports—Lord, in what filth hadn't he waded! And now after fifteen years of this shady career—fifteen dear, lost years!—what was there left to him for hope or happiness?

So he mused, Giles Hudders, waster of the fruitful seasons, and at last, his teeth clicking like castanets, his shoulders humped with the cold, he came to a great lumberyard bordering on a cross street.

It was in the days before skyscrapers had so quaintly changed New York's skyline, and altered so much of the picturesqueness of poor districts. Scattered homes of the wee two-story sort—the sort that hangs the wash at the windows—and the big lumberyard held this street for their own. At the foot of it was the river, made romantic now by a passing ferryboat, dazzling with lights. It seemed a friendly quarter, and Giles Hudders was a believer in luck. Going up to the locked gate of the lumberyard he gazed wistfully and yet appraisingly through the bars. The aromatic smells of cedar and pine boards came gratefully to his wheezing nostrils; and far down the tan-

bark path, between two rows of the fresh high-piled lumber, he could see a glimmer of light. Presently the watchman, lantern in hand, approached the gates and Giles hailed him:

"Say, pardner, what's the matter with giving me a night's sleep under the boards? I'm dead tired and froze and soaked to the bone. I won't do any harm."

John Clegg, the watchman, examined the shivering

suppliant with doubtful eyes. Finally he said: "You are a pretty hard-looking bum, but I don't like to see any poor cuss in need of shelter on a night like this. I'll let you in, but it's against the rules. Now, none of your hobo tricks or you'll get the worst of it."

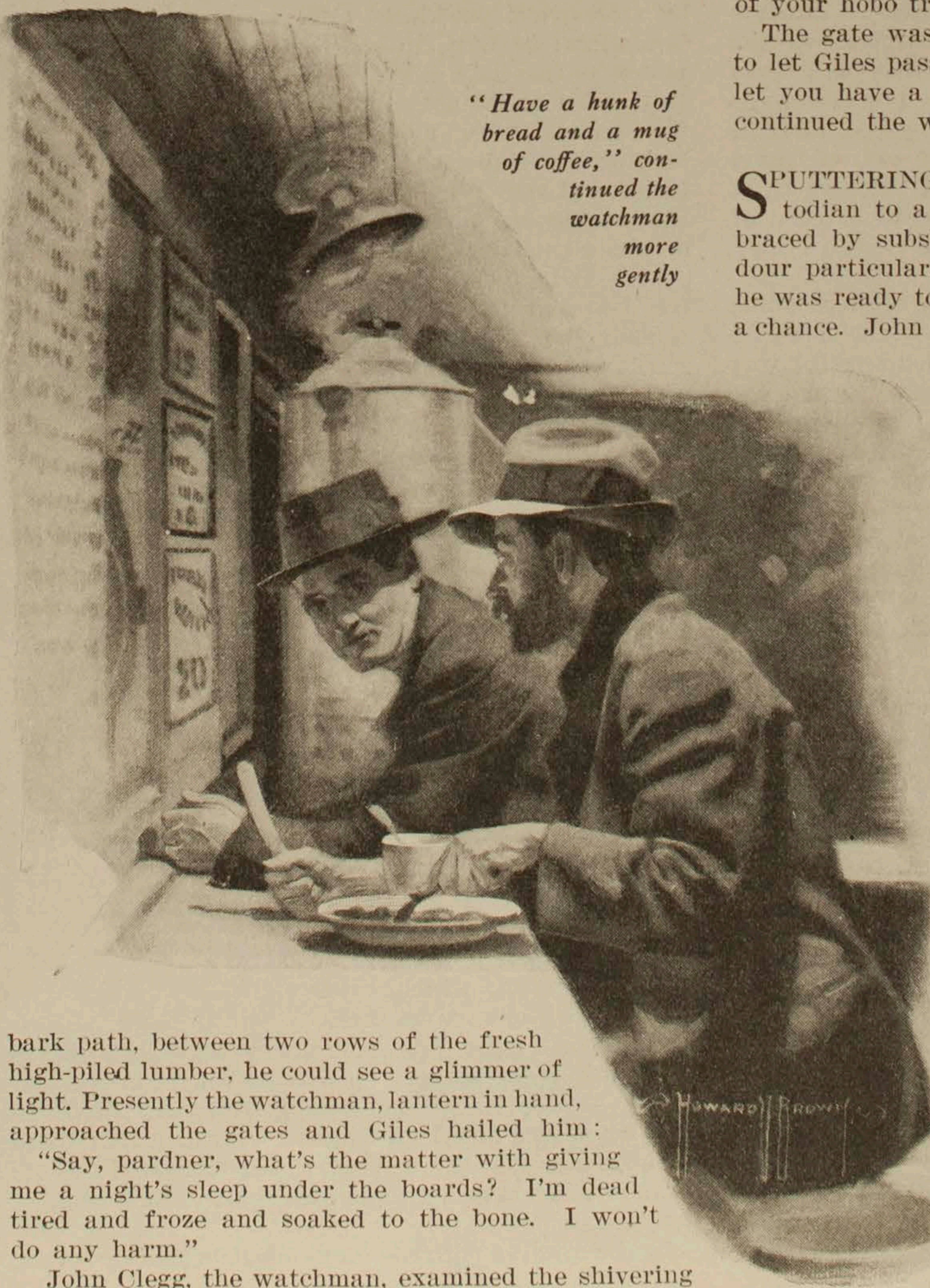
The gate was unlocked and pulled grudgingly open to let Giles pass through. "If you are hungry, I can let you have a hunk of bread and a mug of coffee," continued the watchman more gently. "Come along."

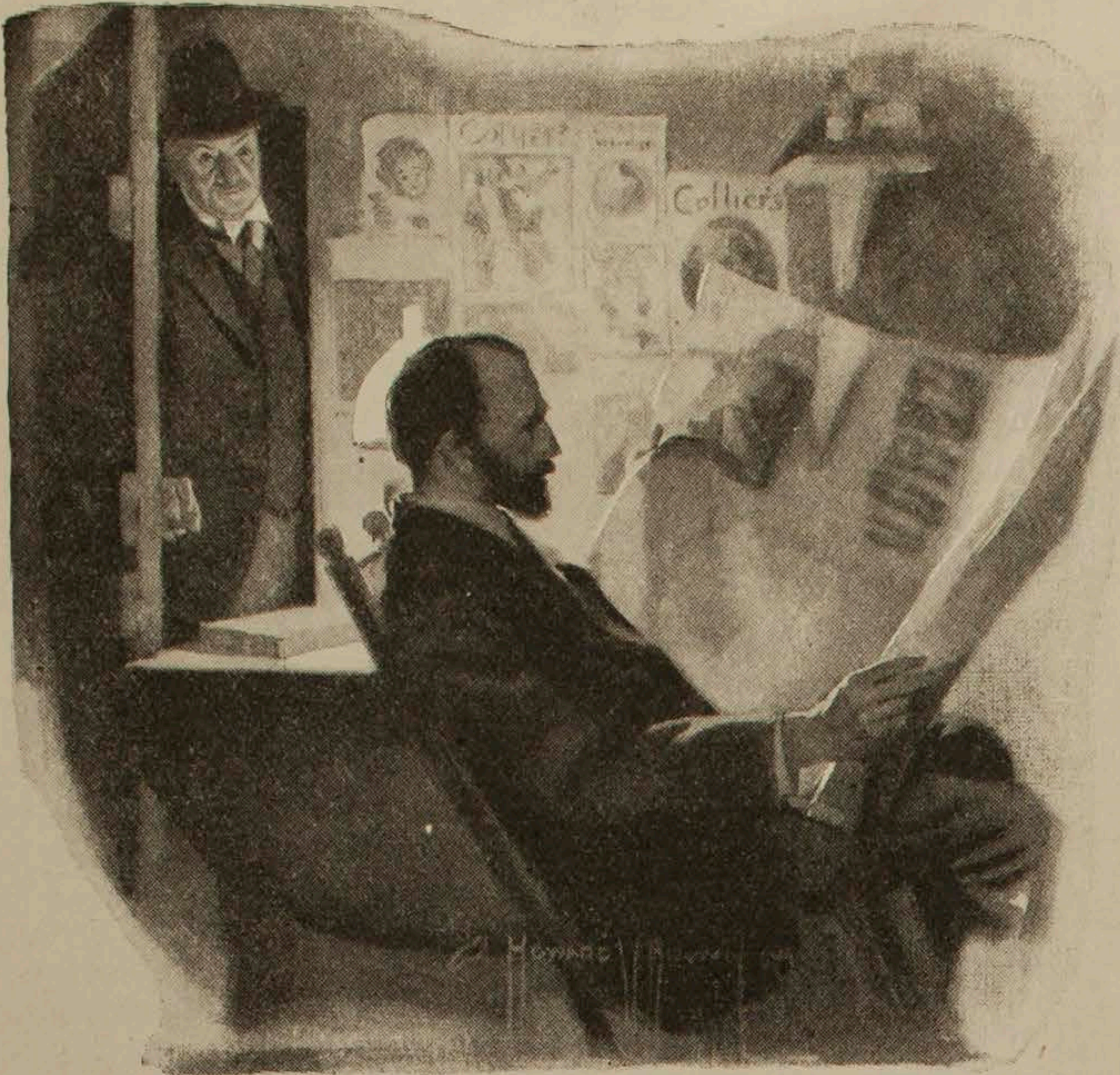
SPUTTERING his thanks, Giles trailed after the custodian to a small shack on wheels. There, when braced by substantial food, he unfolded some of the dour particulars of his life, swearing repeatedly that he was ready to reform the minute the world gave him a chance. John Clegg seemed to think that he spoke the

truth. He nodded sympathetically to the dismal tale—which included a blighted romance—and then pointed out a big box, a tremendous box, lying some distance away on its side, as a possible home for Giles until he could get on his feet.

"It's sizable enough to live in, I guess," said the watchman, "and you kin stay if you ain't messy with matches. But you must cut out the booze. The first time you come in here with a jag I'll turn you out of the yard for fair."

Giles pledged himself to rigid temperance, and John Clegg, not without plain misgivings, led him to what might pass for the doorway of his new home. It was indeed a mighty box, a box far larger than would suffice to hold a pair of grand pianos; for what purpose it had been built always remained a mystery to Giles. There it was, a box big enough to live in, a brown-stone front and a corner of Paradise in one to a homeless man. Into the blessed haven the wanderer stepped,





"The superintendent had at last found out"

finding to his delight that the top boards were a foot or more above his head, and the whole interior more extensive even than he had fancied.

"Seems like a gentleman's estate to me," grinned Giles, adding chokingly that he did not know how he could ever repay his kind friend.

The watchman seemed pleased with his manners—truth to tell he had taken an immediate fancy to the blue-eyed stranger. "Guess there's a couple of blankets I can let you have," he announced presently; and before they parted for the night these benefits had been increased by the loan of a quarter and the gift of a quite decent overcoat.

PROVIDENCE may like a little joke sometimes when helping a man find his lost decency. At any rate, with his first night in that box of hitherto unknown uses, Giles found his old grit returning to him like the waters of a breaking dam. Getting up with the first sparrow the next morning, he made something of a toilet, and after a breakfast of hot coffee and German ring at a cheap bakery, he fared forth in search of a job. He was lucky enough to find one as sandwich man at seventy-five cents a day; and that very afternoon, and for months to come, he could be seen trudging up and down Fourteenth Street exploiting the miraculous cures of a corn doctor.

The pride of the householder increased with his occupancy of the box, and seldom did he wend his way homeward without carrying something of use or ornament for his domicile. One of his first purchases was a second-hand oil stove, a cooking stove; and gradually through unflagging search of the ash cans and dump heaps that lay along his homeward route, he accumulated a queer assortment of culinary implements and dishes. Then he bought a barrel of dried peas, from a handful of which with water and the proper seasonings, he could concoct a really delicious soup. Thus he was always sure of something good to eat, and at a cost of about two cents a meal. But Giles was not so miserly as to deprive himself of bread or even of pie—not to mention other good things.

ON SUNDAYS he potted about the big box, doing odd jobs. He now had a pass key to the side gate of the yard, and the only man he avoided meeting was the superintendent; he it was to be feared would not approve of a squatter on the premises. Giles went on with his plans, however, as if he expected to remain there the rest of his life. With red and black paint he lettered at one end of the interior of the box—still open at one side to the elements—the inscription: "God Bless Our Home"; and at the other end: "Be Virtuous And You Will Be Happy." And on the outside, in the grandest letters of all, he painted the splendid name of his mansion:

LUMBERHURST BY THE RIVER

To the lanes between the piles of lumber he likewise gave pretty names; the one on which his mansion faced he called Paradise Avenue, and that at right angles to this he christened Water Street because it was on the way to the pump. When May came Giles planted posy seeds about his house, nasturtiums and larkspur and asters and morning-glories, and in due time these came to thrifty bloom.

MEANWHILE not only was he furnishing his home, but he managed to save more than half his earnings, placing the money in a savings bank that gave 3½ per cent interest. He was still a sandwich man, but he had lately risen to a Broadway job with better pay. Early in his reformed life, too, he had made a great change in his appearance by the purchase of a second-hand outfit of clothes, including hat and shoes. His beard was now glossily luxuriant, and his skin

clear; and every night throughout the summer he would take a bath in the river from a near-by wharf. In a word, Giles Hudders had begun to live up to the promise of his starry eyes.

AS THE days shortened toward autumn the master of Lumberhurst proceeded to make great improvements on his property. First he dug a miniature cellar at the back of the box and built a little lean-to kitchen over it; then he cut a doorway in the box wall for easy access to his culinary department, fitting this with a trim sliding door that worked sidewise. After this he sided up the whole front of the box—which had once been its top—and then put in a door and two tiny windows, using waste scantlings in the yard by permission of the watchman. When completed, his house showed a fine assortment of old tin over its roofing—some of the tomato-can sort, melted apart and hammered flat—and a tiny porch, whose roof was no more and no less than the iron-bound top of a big trunk which some shiftless home in the street had disgorged upon the sidewalk. It was a neighborhood for rich findings, and all was gold that fell into the hands of Giles Hudders, lately of the homeless world.

One evening the superintendent, who had at last found out about the squatter, came to view the odd abode. Giles was reading a newspaper by the light of his neatly kept lamp, when the door opened, and fancying his caller to be only John Clegg, he called out merrily:

"Here's a bit in the paper about how to tell a mad dog. Well, I haven't anything to tell a mad dog that I can't communicate by postal card or telegraph." He found out his mistake in a moment and stood respectfully as his guest seated himself. It was a psychological moment, but Giles Hudders was equal to it. The arbiter of his fate was amused with his shanty—amused, even a little impressed by its blue-eyed master.

"Why, I'd like to live in this shack myself," laughed the superintendent, though he had come round with the express purpose of kicking the squatter into the street. "Now who would think it was in you—to want a home so much!"

"You can't judge a Turk by his nose, sir," retorted Giles; "he may be straight." His wit, stale as it was, seemed to suit the visitor, who went away telling Giles, whom he called Diogenes, that he could stay there as long as he behaved himself.

INDEED, Giles did resemble the old Greek philosopher in more ways than one. He detested the fair sex and fancied that he had good reason for it, though the poignant memories of his long-ago romance had been much blurred by subsequent dalliances and hardships; he lived in a box, which is the next thing to a tub, and if he did not go about the streets with a lantern looking for an honest man he had found very little honor in his world-wide farings; then he was a good deal of a philosopher—and when he wished he could appear not only a gentleman but something of a scholar. In the many ups and downs of his fortunes he had served as a butler in homes in Australia and South Africa, where he had picked up many of the habits of genteel folk, and being passionately fond of reading, he had acquired considerable from books.

GILES remembered that the glories of his Massachusetts home town had always added canned horse sorrel to their winter stores, and he determined to do likewise. So one Sunday he crossed the river to Fort Lee, where, about a mile back of the Palisades, he found a quantity of the green stuff, which, with vinegar and nasturtium seeds, he put up in glass jars. He also canned some pears and peaches—a damaged lot that he bought cheap. By November his little cellar was well stocked; and the interior of the box house looked very homelike with its magazine covers on the walls, a strip of linoleum on the floor, a couch, a table, two chairs, and a shelf of flowered dishes.

In the evening with his lamp burnished to the nines,

he read not only the news of the day, but books of history, romance, and poetry which he borrowed from a circulating library. He now felt very much as he had years before in his prime, when life held a golden promise and was worth the living. The craving for liquor and the wanderlust had left him at the same time, and he was not unmindful of how much he owed John Clegg. It was through the kindly offices of this good friend that the space about his shack was kept free of lumber, and the house protected from the practical jokes of the workmen who came into the yard.

ONE Sunday afternoon Giles gave himself the pleasure of a city walk, fancying that he needed the exercise. He was dressed in a new set of hand-me-downs, with a purple aster from his posy bed in his buttonhole; there was also a great peace in his heart, and he was still thinking of his benefits when he dropped down for a rest on a bench in Union Square. The flowers there had faded and over the bleak area a sharp wind was blowing. A few savage little sparrows were fighting for crumbs on the walk in front of him.

Presently a woman sat down on the other end of the bench and it was not long before she turned her face toward Giles, staring at him with a puzzling intentness. Catching his eyes the lady looked away, this giving him a chance to examine her own points. There was something about her that was pleasing—he could not tell what exactly. Yet there was rouge upon her lips and powder on her face, and with every movement her garments of rusty black, made in a cheap, fussy way, emitted a strident perfume. Like the flowers of the square she was faded, and her dark wind-blown hair was not tidy.

Facing him again, the lady spoke.

"Aren't you afraid of catching cold?" she asked in the bald manner of park-bench society.

"I'm used to all kinds of weather," Giles returned affably. "But how about yourself?" A familiar quality in her voice having prompted a closer scrutiny, he was now looking at her with all his eyes, his heart doing some odd gymnastics.

"The weather can't make any difference to me, any time," murmured the dingy coquette with a gulping sigh. "I've got to hustle for my life, rain or shine. Excuse me for being personal," she went on gravely; "but if you didn't have whiskers you'd remind me of a young fellow I used to know in Massachusetts. He was too young to have a beard then—and he may be dead now for all I know."

NOW almost sure of her identity, Giles sat for a moment speechless with emotion. Could this be-rouged and powdered drift of city benches—she even suggested the homelessness he had once known—could she be the sweet Mary Falconer to whom his hand and heart were pledged in the long ago? One thing would verify his surmise—a little brown mole behind

the lobe of her left ear. Jumping from the bench he stepped quickly behind her. The little brown mole was still in the old place.

"Mary!" he cried tremulously, "don't you know me? Don't you remember the clumsy lad who used to clerk in your father's grocery store in Cranberryport? Why, we were engaged—and you threw me over."

"Giles!" she gasped.

"Yes."

"Oh, how you are changed; yet there's something about you I would know anywhere! Didn't I say it? But your voice; it didn't use to be so husky."

"No," Giles shook his head regretfully. "I've ruined it with bad whisky. I've gone a hard pace, Mary."

He was sitting close beside her now, and into her face, coarsened by time and bitter experience, had come a sudden look of beauty and fine feeling. Very pale she grew as Giles went on, telling her that he ought to hate her and couldn't now that he had met her again. "I guess you've paid for all you ever did to me," he concluded, watching her wistfully. "You were just weak, Mary—to run off with that swell city

chap when you'd promised to marry me."

A tear fell upon her powdered cheek.

"Oh, Giles, if you only knew what I've been through, you'd pity me more," she returned brokenly. "That fellow Vanani had a strange power over me from the first; he pretended to be rich and I was fool enough to believe all his high-flown talk about the grandeur we'd live in after we were" (Continued on page 30)



"He peeped through one of the windows to see what Mary was doing"

GERMAN SEA RAIDERS

BY NORMAN DRAPER

ON AUGUST 5, 1914, the British cruiser *Drake*, acting upon explicit instructions from the Admiralty, hauled up from the floor of the Atlantic Ocean, to the east of the Azores, two submarine cables. They were severed with an ax and the ends were allowed to drop back into the sea. The cables were owned and operated by the German Cable Company. They connected Germany with North and South America. The idea in cutting them was to forestall any attempt that might be made by commanders of German war vessels in foreign waters to communicate with Berlin, and prevent the Naval Department there from sending them orders and instructions.

Scattered over the seven seas or in ports at the four corners of the earth at that time there were eleven German war vessels. With but one exception each was hundreds (and some were thousands) of miles from another ship of the German navy. The British calculated that it would be a simple matter to meet and annihilate one after the other of the enemy's ships after they had succeeded in cutting them off from Berlin.

Under Sealed Orders

GERMANY, however, had anticipated having its ships abroad isolated more than five years before the present war began, and the most remarkable set of naval plans ever formulated automatically went into effect the instant war clouds began to hover on the German horizon. Before I go any further with this narrative, and in view of the facts that I am about to disclose, it should be emphatically understood that I have no sympathies with either one side or the other. This article is based upon fact, not fiction, and I shall set down the facts as they exist.

Just before the war began there was not a port of any consequence on the face of the earth wherein there was not a merchant vessel with the red, white, and black flag of Germany flying at its stern.

When it was apparent that there was a chance that Germany might go to war, approximately a score of these German-owned vessels quickly secured clearance papers for German ports and hurriedly steamed out to sea. They took no passengers and only those members of the crew who were able-bodied German citizens were kept aboard. For all the governments of the world and maritime men knew, the ships steamed directly for the ports they had cleared for. It was presumed that they had hurried their departure to save themselves from being interned if they were in neutral ports, or from being captured, if they were in ports belonging to the nations allied against the Fatherland.

Then war was declared, the cables were cut, and the cable companies and news associations immediately ceased to get reports of foreign shipping. No one knew whether this ship or that one had arrived safely at its destination. There was no means of knowing.

At the same time practically every German warship in foreign waters steamed out to sea. Some of them had, of course, communicated with Berlin before the cables were cut, but the majority of them had no opportunity to ask for or receive instructions.

Each ship's commander had in his possession, however, a sealed package. When he received it he was told that the package was not to be opened under any circumstances unless Germany went to war. So as each of Germany's ships steamed for the open sea the commander opened his sealed package. In it he found, among other things, a map of the world.

Who's Where and Why

ON THIS map, at what represented remote and untraveled parts of the oceans, he found little black dots. At other parts of the chart he found tiny crosses marked with red ink. A key that accompanied the map informed him that the black dots represented spots where coal, provisions, and men to complete the complement of his command might be found. One of the red crosses marked the spot in the ocean he must hurry to with all possible speed. Others marked spots



Captain von Müller of the Plucky Emden
Terror of the Seven Seas till battered by the Australian cruiser Sydney, and run aground on Cocos Island, in the Indian Ocean

where the warships were to mobilize or where he was to go if he could not reach the first cross. Furthermore, he was instructed to keep out of sight of land and away from the steamship lanes, and not upon any condition to give the position of his ship should it become necessary to use the wireless.

A Grave in the Blue

NOW consider the German merchantmen who sped away at the first intimation of a possible war. Out of sight of land they scattered, each in a different direction. The commander of each vessel, a member of the German naval reserve, also had in his possession a map of the world, which had been furnished him by the Government. On it he found no crosses in red ink and but one black dot on the areas of green representing the sea. That spot was his objective. And he crowded on all steam to get there. Once his observations showed that he was directly at the point represented upon his chart he ordered the engines stopped, the fires banked, if it could be done with safety, and a sea anchor cast out if the depth of the water was too great to permit the lowering of a kedge. Then he settled himself down to await developments.

Generally developments came quickly in the shape of a long gray warship, the Prussian naval flag whipping from the mast at its stern and a forced draft spurring a column of smoke from its funnels.

If the warship needed a small quantity of coal, it secured it from the anchored merchantman and went on its way. If it needed a large quantity of coal or

provisions and men to bring the crew up to a war basis, the coal and provisions and men, and anything else of value, were transferred from the merchantman to the war vessel.

Then the steamer was sent to the bottom of the sea by the warship's guns, or a charge of explosive placed where it would tear a hole in her hull below the water line. Germany would rather send the ships of its merchant marine to the bottom than risk having them fall into the hands of the enemy.

Captains Courageous

THE plan has been well carried out. It has enabled the German ships to sail the seas and prey on shipping of the allied nations on a scale never even believed possible. It has reduced to a minimum the danger of capture or of meeting with an overwhelming force of the enemy. While the British ships have been making their way in and out of harbors all over the world and having their whereabouts reported, the Germans have been slinking far out to sea, awaiting a chance to strike at a merchant ship, and then scuttle off to a base ship, as the German naval officers call these vessels that anchored on the war map's black dots, and replenish their supply of men, coal, or provisions. The plan also called for the ultimate mobilization of these ships. Every move they have made since the beginning of the war was mapped out at least three years ago. The majority of moves were determined even two years before that. Of the action of these ships as a unit more is to be said later.

Of all the Kaiser's ships in foreign waters, the *Nürnberg* has had the most remarkable career since this war began. Her log would furnish a lesson for many a naval officer who considers himself a master in the art of strategy.

The Guile of the German Tar

ON AUGUST 5 the *Nürnberg* was somewhere in the vicinity of the island of Yap, which, until it was captured by the Japanese, was Germany's wireless base in the Pacific. From that day until September 7 not a single ship other than those flying the German flag spoke her. On September 7 some Englishmen saw the cruiser, but they didn't get a chance to let the world know about it, although they were the officials and operators of the English-owned cable connecting Vancouver, British Columbia, and Australia. They were on Fanning Island, which is located almost in the center of the Pacific Ocean. On the date referred to the Englishmen on the island saw a warship flying the French flag, accompanied by a collier, approaching the shore. The Englishmen were quite overjoyed at the prospect of entertaining the men of France, and some of them set out in a launch to welcome the visitors.

About that time two cutters full of sailors put off from the warship and headed inshore. As the sailors were jumping from the cutters into the waist-deep water off the beach the tricolor of France was suddenly hauled down from the mast and the naval flag of Germany, eagle and all, run up in its place. At the same time a piece of canvas that had been hanging over the warship's stern was raised to the deck, and the name *Nürnberg* in gold letters two feet high blazed out.

The Nürnberg Turns Another Trick

THE guns of the cruiser were trained on the island and covered the operations of the landing party, which promptly seized the cable headquarters. The operators and officers, among them some of the men who had gone out in the launch, but who had returned hastily upon seeing the German flag, were lined up and placed under guard. The shore end of the cables was located and destroyed with dynamite. Then the sailors smashed the cable instruments with sledge hammers and blew up the engine room, the dynamo room, and the boiler room. Papers transferred from the office to the wardroom of the *Nürnberg* revealed that spare instruments, arms,

(Continued on page 22)





Mexico

IT IS A PITY that considerations of propriety compel many persons and papers which earnestly disagree with WILSON about his Mexican course to keep silent on the subject. Affairs in Mexico are in a very bad way. They are likely to grow worse. When a man expresses the belief that WILSON's course in Mexico has been wrong, it is instantly assumed that the critic favors armed intervention. In the case of thoughtful critics that is exactly the opposite of the truth. It is just because WILSON's course was sure to bring intervention that we regard it as wrong. It is intervention to tell a nation whom it shall not have and whom it shall have as its ruler. WILSON came into office and found a Government in Mexico. Within two weeks he set about destroying that Government. Necessarily, this placed upon him the responsibility for what happened after the existing Government was destroyed. His purpose to drive HUERTA and the existing Government out of power proved to be less easy to accomplish than he hoped for in the beginning. After months passed, and he was still unsuccessful, affairs were going from bad to worse. WILSON was driven to make an alliance with VILLA; in our judgment, historians will describe this alliance with VILLA as an appalling act. Through WILSON's aid, VILLA was raised to power. What VILLA has done with his power—the whole record of murder and rapine in Mexico during the past few months—has not been told. American newspapers have refrained largely out of consideration for the Administration; moreover, as news, the events in Mexico have been overshadowed by the events in Europe. Why not admit frankly that the Administration's course was a mistake? It was an honest mistake. More, it was a high-minded mistake. At the time, when it first promised success, it was extravagantly praised. The defect in it, as it now turns out, was an amateurishness in statesmanship. Why continue to assume that the course chosen by the Administration could have only one outcome, and that the perfect one? Why not admit that it had to be a gamble, that there was a chance of its ending badly, and that, in the cast of the die, it did turn out badly?

Murder

MOST OF THE ATROCITIES that the Germans have committed in Belgium have been excused by them on the ground that it was merely revenge for what they call sniping. What sniping is, is described clearly by the war correspondents. When German soldiers break into a Belgian farmer's home and seize his food and treat his women brutally, and the farmer defends himself with arms, that is sniping. The Germans punish it by shooting, as a warning, not only the farmer involved, but several score of his neighbors. When a Belgian farmer, without uniform, uses whatever arms he has to help defend his country against invasion, that, again, is sniping. The destruction of Louvain was German revenge on a large scale for this sniping. Nothing could be more brutal than the German attitude in this respect, and nothing more clear than the duty of civilization to resist the German theory that they can revenge themselves in this way. If, in 1775, the British had held the same ideas about retaliation for sniping, every New England farmer who resisted the British march from Boston to Lexington would have been murdered, as the Germans are now murdering Belgian farmers. Indeed, there would have been more justification for the British to punish the New England patriots, because every American in that case was, technically, a rebel. Within the present year, when American sailors landed at Vera Cruz, some Mexicans defended their city by shooting from the housetops. Had the Americans held the same ideas about sniping as the Germans they would have revenged themselves by burning Vera Cruz.

Cold Logic

PROBABLY IT IS ALL RIGHT to send money to feed the Belgians, but we cannot help having some second thoughts about it. If we send food, will the German soldiers take it? There will be food in Germany. It will be there to feed the German soldiers. If a starving Belgian walks up to a German army kitchen and asks for food, will the German officer refuse? Will they refuse systematically, as a matter of policy? To consider another aspect of it, we are sending money into Belgium. At the very same time Germany is compelling Brussels to give up \$9,000,000. That \$9,000,000, if the Belgians should keep it, would meet their needs and make it unnecessary for us to send them money. The best way for us to help the Belgians will be to do what we can with our resources to help turn the Germans out of Belgium. This may not be neutrality, but it is truth.

Still Hungry for Pork

SENATOR RANDELL has sawed the staves and Congressman SPARKMAN has made the hoops for the new River and Harbor Pork Barrel which the backers of the discredited old method of appropriating Government money for waterways hope to shove through Congress this winter. Undismayed by the smashing a few weeks ago of the \$53,000,000 barrel—for which a lump sum of \$20,000,000, to be used at the discretion of the War Department's engineers, was substituted—these two distinguished pork getters and their friends are determined to obtain an appropriation of approximately \$45,000,000. They are going into the fight with the same arguments that have been used ever since the barrel was the size of a tomato can. For instance, the officials of the National River and Harbor Congress, in their call for an annual meeting to be held in Washington next week, characterize the condemnation heaped upon the present system as "a declaration of war on the whole policy of waterway improvement." Some of the members of the River and Harbor Congress may believe that statement; nobody else will. The people are more than willing to spend their money to facilitate water transportation, but are tired of seeing millions wasted on unusable creeks, rivers, and inlets. And the sooner the advocates of the pork-barrel system abandon it and insist upon the enactment of a law placing the river and harbor problem in the hands of a national commission, thereby removing it as far as possible from the reach of bartering politicians, the better it will be for all of us.

Etymologically Speaking

IN THE PAST, *scenic* drama has prevailed. Then the *Ibsenic* came to the front. For the last two years the *obscenic* play has been on the crest of the wave. Is the modern drama content to stand pat at this, or is a reaction preparing?

Spoken Wistfully

IN THE SPRINGFIELD (MASS.) "REPUBLICAN" appears this news from Colrain, Franklin County:

Speculators in apples are paying seventy-five cents a barrel, delivered in free furnished crates to the shipping point on the trolley road.

A good many city dwellers are paying five cents apiece for theirs, and somebody—not the farmer—gets the difference.

Volcanic Simplicity

APROPOS of these interminable arguments about the inner purposes of the great war, we are indebted to the Philadelphia (Pa.) "Public Ledger" for the shrewd and truly American comment:

You've got to give Vesuvius credit for one thing—she doesn't claim that she's doing it in the interest of culture.

Carter's Catastrophic Campaign

DOWN IN ENID, OKLA., there is an honest man. He is TOM CARTER, the Frisco Machinist, and when he ran for the Legislature it was on a platform with which the veriest cynic could not cavil: "To Make Good Laws for the People." Here is a part of one of TOM CARTER's campaign documents:

If you belong to GIDEON's band, then here's my heart and here's my hand looking for a home.

Strike till the last armed foe expires,
Strike for your altars and your fires,
Strike for the green graves of your sires,
For God and native land.

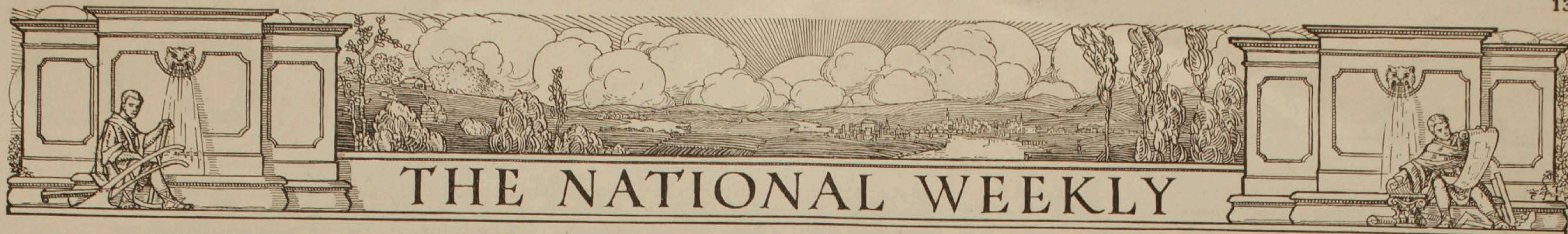
Young men of Enid, "dare to do right" and vote right! The standpat legal crooks have fixed things, and their pet candidate for District Judge is JACOB ROBERTS, a bank attorney, a railroad lawyer, and the man who is hired by the Electric Light Plant to help them graft Enid! Don't vote for ROBERTS, the corrupting Enid. He has fixed things so the banks plunder and loot Enid.

Don't vote to reduce the Oklahoma Legislature to fifteen men. Grafters would run a Small Legislature!

Dare to be a Daniel and don't worship the Golden Calf.

In the cataclysm of reaction which overwhelmed so many high young hopes at the late election, how fared TOM CARTER? It was the first thing we looked for on the morning of the first Wednesday after the first Tuesday in November. But our city papers passed by the great event without a word. Incontinent, we wrote to a friend in Enid, and we have just received his sadly belated answer:

We have met the enemy and we are theirs. Our worst fears are realized. The young manhood of our fairest city of the plains is seeking strange gods. The baleful glare from the eyes of the Golden Calf has for the time being eclipsed the noble aspirations of our Frisco Machinist Friend, TOM CARTER, and returned Judge ROBERTS by a brutal plurality.



Yes?

SAYS ONE NEWSPAPER, reporting upon various means of raising funds for the war victims:

One of the ladies from Cambridge, Mass., stated that at the Harvard-Princeton football game a collection was taken that yielded \$3,700!

The exclamation point belongs to the Philadelphia "Evening Ledger." Evidently the editor regards the amount as a large one. We, for our part, regard it as shockingly small. Over thirty thousand persons saw the Harvard-Princeton game, and the cost of tickets alone must have exceeded \$60,000. Yet those present gave less than \$4,000 to the relief fund—say thirteen cents apiece. We hope that this country, as a whole, proves more generous than the football crowd.

Send it Now

OH, YES; and the address of the Belgian Relief Committee is 10 Bridge Street, New York.

The Massachusetts Way

SPEAKING OF FOOTBALL, a silly Massachusetts law prohibits people from carrying the red flag or black flag—emblems of social revolt. (What's the connection? Wait.) Some Socialist with a fine sense of justice has invoked this law against the football crowds with their college flags, and at the Harvard-Princeton game neither the crimson of Harvard nor the black of Princeton (with the orange P) was flaunted by the fans. In all seriousness the dean of the Harvard Law School proposes to draw up an amendment to the red-or-black flag law exempting colleges from the prohibition. To the unprejudiced onlooker there is something very humorous in that idea of justice which would permit college boys to wave a banner forbidden to those who think society is above nationality, or to those who have a different idea of society than our idea. Why not be tolerant in this matter of bunting—since Socialists and Anarchists are theoretically free to express their heterodox opinions? Does Massachusetts really think a piece of cloth more dangerous than arguments?

What They Didn't Get

FROM August 1 to November 1, 1914, the tolls collected from vessels using the Panama Canal amounted to \$735,182. These were nearly all American ships. The money collected will be used in maintaining and operating the canal, thus lessening the amount appropriated out of taxes. The American people get the benefit and the subsidy howlers are deprived of the pleasure of pocketing that sum. Will HEARST and his choir kindly name those whom they would prefer to see getting that \$735,182?

The Eternal Struggle

IF WE COULD ONLY REMEMBER, out of every book, the best line or the wisest message! Perhaps it is this wish of ours that leads us to mark in our books some of the finest sentences—whether of verse or prose. In school, TENNYSON's "Ulysses" seemed to us a noble poem—as it truly is—and in schoolboy enthusiasm we underscored the lines of conclusion. Perhaps there are finer lines than those in TENNYSON—some of them in this very poem; certainly the passage beginning

I am a part of all that I have met

is one of the richest in the Tennysonian philosophy. What single line of BROWNING is the most inspiring? Some would quote "Andrea del Sarto's"

Ah, but a man's reach should exceed his grasp,
Or, what's a heaven for?

—a wonderful phrasing of what aspiration is. Reading a new novel that reflects a great deal of nobility and love and a restrained and quiet humor—HERMANN HAGEDORN's "Faces in the Dawn"—we found this speech the other evening:

There are not two worlds [she cried], one outside the house and one inside; there are not two struggles. There is only one struggle, the struggle for spiritual growth, and none of us can fight it for others, and none of us can fight it alone. We have reread that passage several times, and each time it means more to us. The novel that contains this speech is worth knowing.

Wisdom for the Noisy

TO ALL SQUABBLERS over the relative merits of men and women we recommend this bit from one of ELLEN KEY's articles: *Self-indulgence, luxury, gossip, and scandal are neither womanly nor manly. They spring in either sex from a low degree of culture.*

The Boozing Forties

STATISTICIANS express concern over the recently discovered fact (if it is a fact) that modern life has lowered the death rate for babies, but has raised it for men between forty and fifty. One factor lies on the surface of American life: the increase of sedentary occupations and of drinking therein. Any indoor man who soaks up liquor is likely to die before he is fifty years old. It is a matter of some difficulty to keep him alive, and the desirability of it is often rather questionable. The statisticians may yet prove our strongest temperance advocates.

Help!

WASHINGTON is one of the four States which voted "wet" this fall. And just before the election a Seattle reader of ours mailed us a copy of the Seattle "Times" (that claims the largest circulation in that city), marking almost three hundred inches of patent-medicine and booze advertisements: a Sunday issue, of course, Sunday being the day when folks have most time to devote to thirst and other symptoms. The "Times" tells you all about whisky; also it advertises the fake "home recipe for the liquor habit" in case your family is tired of your whisky habits. Dr. BLANK's headache powder "stops headache, pain, neuralgia." The "Times" doesn't tell what these habit-forming drugs start—perhaps that will come out in next Sunday's paper. The "Times" has all the wrinkle secrets and beauty quirks, and is positively greasy with hair tints and "cream balm." Quacks

find it easy to buy space in this Seattle newspaper for their rheumatism "cures," their remedies for anything from sour stomach to tuberculosis. The publisher knows better, but the fakers have his number (i. e., price). "Consultation free," chorus the quacks—but you know how that works out in practice. Nothing is costlier than quackery, in health or in dollars. When a newspaper in a progressive community helps a faker to offer cures for anything from asthma to St. Vitus's dance (including deafness, diabetes, dropsy, and hip disease) with his "glandular remedies"—well, just what is wrong in such a case?

The True Soldier

FIELD MARSHAL LORD ROBERTS, better known by his soldiers' name of "Bobs," died as he would have wished, in his country's service to the last. He had won his modestly held place as the hero of England's armies by over sixty years of patient devotion to duty and brilliant success in the campaigns in Afghanistan, Burma, and South Africa. It was his peculiar distinction to command love as well as honor; his victories did not mean degradation for his foes. Only a few weeks ago, in a notable public utterance, he insisted that the English forces must fight the present great war so as to win not only the respect of the Germans, but also their liking. It is a curious contrast that on the day of Lord ROBERTS's death the newspapers were printing extracts from an article in a Hamburg (Germany) newspaper by Major General VON DISFURTH, wherein "this distinguished retired officer of the German army," as he is entitled, writes:

There is no reason whatever why we should trouble ourselves about the notions concerning us in other countries. Certainly we should not worry about the opinions and feelings held in neutral countries. Germany stands as the supreme arbiter of her own methods, which in the time of war must be dictated to the world.

They call us barbarians. What of it? We scorn them and their abuse. For my part, I hope that in this war we have merited the title of barbarians. Let neutral peoples and our enemies cease their empty chatter, which may well be compared to the twitter of birds. Let them cease their talk of the Cathedral at Rheims and of all the churches and all the castles in France which have shared its fate. These things do not interest us. Our troops must achieve victory. What else matters?

The contrast here is the contrast between patriotism and irresponsible militarism. Of VON DISFURTH and "Bobs," which is the true soldier?

**BRIGHT, intelligent young woman,
employed in department store, can
attend to your Christmas wants
now better than later when the
store will be overcrowded and
she will be very tired. Address
Shopgirl, Uptown or Downtown.**

A WANT AD.

SAN FRANCISCO

Passing Pictures BY JULIAN STREET

Illustrated by Wallace Morgan

Chapter Fifteen

Abroad at Home

American Ramblings, Observations and Adventures

AS OUR train crossed the Great Salt Lake the farther shores were glistening in a golden haze, half real, half mirage, like the shores of Paestum as you see them from the monastery at Amalfi on a sunny day. Beyond the lake a portion of the desert was glazed with a curious thin film of water—evidently overflow—in which the forms of stony hills at the margin of the waste were reflected so clearly that the eye could not determine the exact point of meeting between cliff and plain. Farther out in the desert there was no water, and as we left the hills behind, the world became a great white arid reach, flat as only moist sand can be flat, and tragic in its desolation. For a time nothing, literally, was visible but sky and desert, save for a line of telegraph poles, rising forlornly beside the right of way.

The West Dresses Its Shop Window

I FOUND the desert impressive, but my companion, whose luncheon had not agreed with him, declared that it was not up to specifications.

"Anyone who is familiar with Frederic Remington's drawings," he said, "knows that there must be skeletons and buffalo skulls stuck around on deserts."

I was about to explain that the Western Pacific was a new railroad and that probably they had not yet found time to do their landscape gardening along the line, when, far ahead, I caught sight of a dark dot on the sand. I kept my eye on it. As our train overtook it, it began to assume form, and at last I saw that it was actually a prairie schooner. Presently we passed it. It was moving slowly along, a few hundred yards from the track. The horses were walking; their heads were down and they looked tired. The man who was driving was the only human being visible; he was hunched over, and when the train went by, he never so much as turned his head.

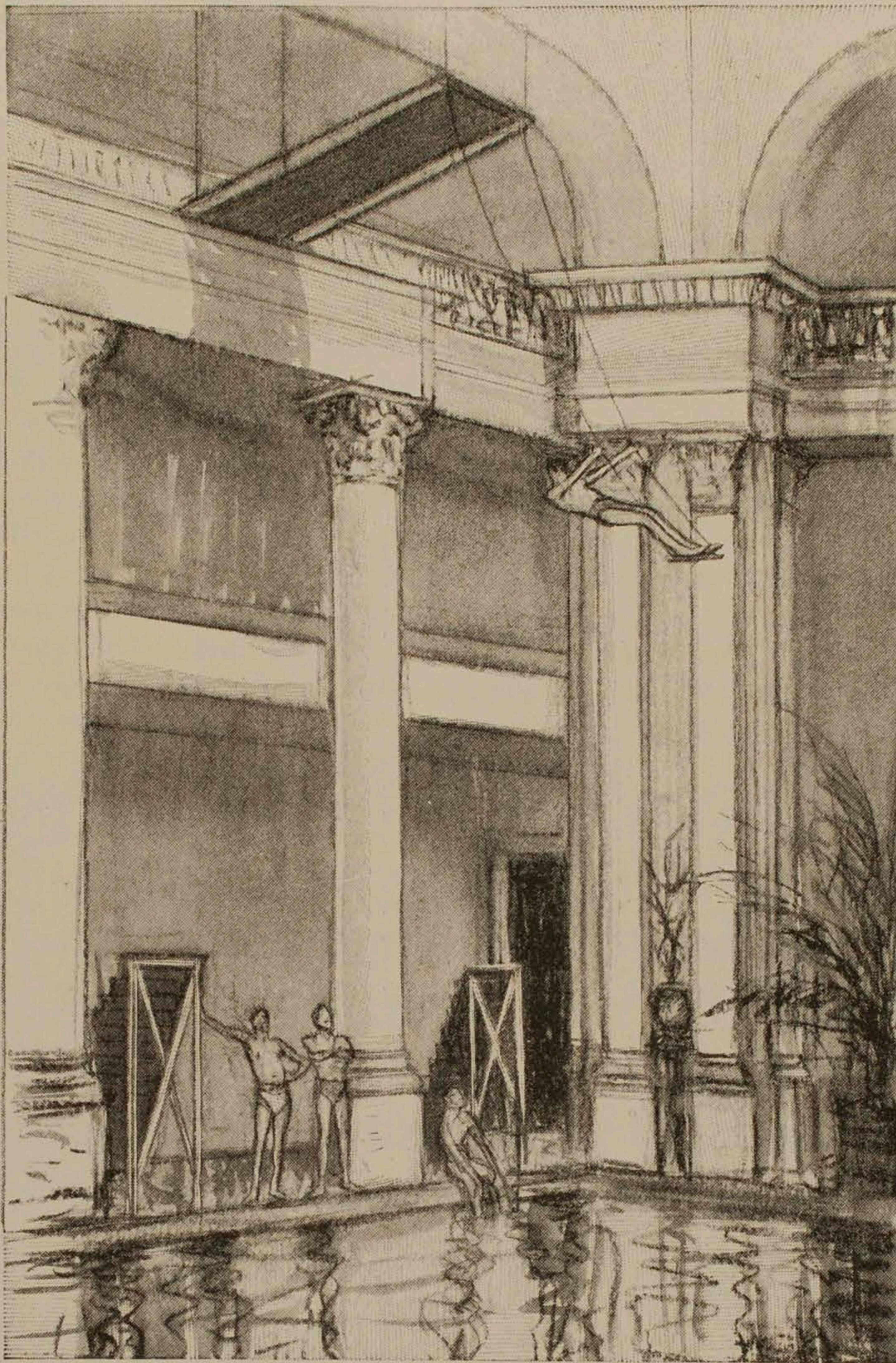
The picture was perfect. Even my companion admitted that, and ceased to demand skulls and skeletons. And when, two or three hours later, after having crossed the desert and worked our way into the hills, we saw a full-fledged cowboy on a pinto pony, we felt that the Western Pacific Railroad was complete in its theatrical accessories.

The cowboy did his best to give us Western color. When he saw the train coming, he spurred up his pony, and waving a lasso, set out in pursuit of an innocent old milch cow, which was grazing near by. That she was no range animal was evident. Her sleek condition and her calm demeanor showed that she was fully accustomed to the refined surroundings of the stable. As he came at her she gazed in horrified amazement, quite as some fat, dignified old lady might gaze at a bad little boy running at her with a pea shooter. Then, in bovine alarm, she turned and lumbered heavily away. The cowboy charged and cut her off, waving his rope and yelling. However, no capture was made. As soon as the train had passed the cowboy desisted, and poor old Bossy was allowed to settle down again to comfortable grazing.

God's Work

ONE thing the Western Pacific Railroad does that every railroad should do. It publishes a pamphlet, containing a relief map of its system, and a paragraph or two about every station on the line, giving the history of the place (if it has any), telling the altitude, the distance from terminal points, and how the town got its name.

Had there not been washouts on the line shortly before we journeyed over it, I might not have known so much about this little pamphlet, but during the night, when I could not sleep because of the violent rocking of the car, I read it with great care. Thus it happened that when, toward morning, we stopped, and I raised my curtain to find the ground covered with a blanket of snow, I was able to establish myself as being in the Sierras, somewhere in the region



"With her hills, San Francisco is Rome; with her harbor, Naples—but with her clubs, San Francisco." And this is the Olympic Club's salt-water pool

of the Beckwith Pass—which, by the way, is by two thousand feet the lowest pass used by any railroad entering the State of California.

Some time before dawn the roadbed became solid, and I slept until summoned by my companion to see the cañon of the Feather River. Dressing hurriedly, I joined him at the window on the other side of the car (I have observed that, almost invariably, that is where the scenery is), and looked down into what I still remember as the most beautiful cañon I have ever seen.

A Weather Symphony

THE last time I had looked out it had been winter, yet here, within the space of a few hours, had come the spring. It gave me the feeling of a Rip Van Winkle: I had slept and a whole season had passed. Our train was winding along a serpentine shelf nicked into the lofty walls of a gorge at the bottom of which rushed a mad stream all green and foamy. Above, the mountains were covered with tall pines, their straight trunks reaching heavenward like the slender columns of a Gothic cathedral, the roof of which was made of low-hung, stone-gray cloud—a cathedral decked as for the Easter season, its aisles and altars abloom with green leaves, and blossoms purple and white.

Throughout the hundred miles for which we followed the windings of the Feather River Cañon, our eyes hardly left the window. Now we would crash through a short, black tunnel, emerging to find still greater loveliness where we had thought no greater loveliness could be; now we would traverse a spindly bridge which quickly changed the view (and us) to the other side of the car. Now we would pass the intake of a power plant; next we would come upon the plant itself, a monumental pile, looking like some Rhenish castle which had slipped down from a peak and settled comfortably beside the stream.

Traveling Toward Summer

AT LAST the walls of the cañon began to melt away, spreading apart and drifting down into the gentle slope of a green valley starred with golden poppies. Spring had turned to summer—a summer almost trop-

ical, for, at Sacramento, early in the afternoon, we saw open street cars, their seats arranged back to back and facing outward, like those of an Irish jaunting car, running through an avenue lined with a double row of palms, beneath which girls were coming home from school bareheaded and in linen sailor suits.

Imagine leaving New York on a snowy Christmas morning and arriving that same afternoon in Buffalo, to find them celebrating Independence Day, and you will get the sense of that transition. We had passed from furs to shirt sleeves in a morning.

Superlatives

LEAVING the train in Oakland, one is reminded of Hoboken or Jersey City in the days before the Hudson Tubes were built. There is the train shed, the throng headed for the ferry, the baggage trucks, and the ferryboat itself, like a New York ferryboat down to its very smell. Likewise the fresh salt wind that blows into your face as you stand at the front of the boat, in crossing San Francisco Bay, is like a spring or summer wind in New York Harbor. So, if you cross at night, you have only the lights to tell you that you are not indeed arriving in New York.

The ferry is three miles wide. There are no skyscrapers, with lighted windows, looming overhead, as they loom over the Hudson. To the right the myriad lamps of Oakland, Berkeley, and Alameda are distributed along the shore, electric trains dashing in front of them like comets; and straight ahead lies San Francisco—a fallen fragment of the Milky Way, draped over a succession of receding hills.

Crossing the ferry I tried to remember things I had been told of this city of my dreams, and to imagine what it would be like. Of course I had been warned time and again not to refer to it as "Frisco," and not to speak of the Earthquake, but only of the Fire. I had those two points well in mind, but there were others out of which I endeavored to construct an imaginary town.

San Francisco was, as I pictured it in advance, a city of gayety, gold money, twenty-five-cent drinks, flowers, Chinamen, hospitality, night restaurants, mysterious private dining rooms, the Bohemian Club, open-hearted men and unrivaled women—superb, majestic, handsome.

That is the way I pictured San Francisco, and that, with some slight reservations, is the way I found it.

There are two seasons in San Francisco: spring, beginning about November and running on into April; autumn, beginning in April and filling out the remaining six months. Winter and summer are simply left out. There is no great cold (snow has fallen but six times in the history of the city) and no great heat (84 degrees was the highest temperature registered during an unusual "hot spell," which occurred just before our visit). It is, however, a celebrated peculiarity of the San Francisco climate that between shade and sun there is a difference so great as to make light winter clothing comfortable on one side of the street and summer clothing on the other.

If You Like Color

ALL the year round flowers are for sale at stands on corners in the San Francisco streets, and if you think we have no *genre* in America, if you think there is nothing in this country to compare with your memories of picturesque little scenes in Europe—scenes involving such things as the dog-drawn wagons of Belgium; Dutch girls in wooden shoes, bending at the waist to scrub a sidewalk; embroidered peasants at a Breton pardon; proud beggars at an Andalusian railway station; mysterious hooded Arabs at Gibraltar; street singers in Naples; flower girls in the costume of the *campagna* at the Spanish Steps in Rome—if you think we cannot match such bits of color, then you should see the flower stands of San Francisco upon some holiday, when Chinese girls are bargaining for blooms.

But I am talking only of this one part of California. When one considers the whole State, one is forced to admit that it is a natural wonder place. It is everything. In its ore-filled mountains it is Alaska;

to the south it is South America; I have looked out of a train window and seen a perfect English park, only to realize suddenly that it had not been made by gardeners, but was the sublimated landscape gardening which Nature gave to this State of States. I have eaten Parisian meals in San Francisco and drunk splendid wines, and afterward I have been told that our viands and beverages had, without exception, been produced in California—unless one counts the gin in the cocktail which preceded dinner. But that is only part of it. With her hills San Francisco is Rome; with her harbor she is Naples; with her hotels she is New York. But with her clubs and her people she is San Francisco—which, to my mind, comes near being the apotheosis of praise.

"Palpitant and Alive"

SO FAR as I know American cities, San Francisco stands out among them like some beautiful, fascinating creature who comes suddenly into a roomful of mediocrities. She is radiant, she has charm and allure, those qualities which are gifts of the gods, and which, though we recognize them instantly when we meet them, we are unable to describe.

The story of the Portola fête, as told me by a San Franciscan, nicely illustrates that, and also shows the San Francisco point of view.

"In 1907," he informed me, "we decided to put over a big outdoor New Year's fête, with dancing in the streets, the way they have it in Paris on the Fourteenth of July. But at the last minute it rained and spoiled the outdoor part of the fun. Once in a while, you see, that can happen even in San Francisco."

"Everybody agreed that we ought to have a regular established festival, and as we didn't want to have it spoiled a second time, we hunted up the weather records and found that in the history of the city there had never been rain between October 17 and 29. That established the time for our fête; the next thing was to discover an excuse for it. That was not so easy. After digging through a lot of history we found that Don Gaspar de Portola discovered San Francisco Bay October 22, 1679—or maybe it was 1769—that doesn't matter. Nobody had ever heard of Portola until then, but now we have dragged him out of oblivion and made quite a boy of him, all as an excuse to have a good time."

"Then you don't celebrate New Year's out here?" I asked.

"Don't we, though!" he exclaimed. "You ought to be here for our New Year's fête. It is one of the most spontaneous shows of the kind you'll see anywhere. It's not a tough orgy such as you have on Broadway every New Year's Eve, with a lot of drunks sitting around in restaurants under signs saying 'Champagne Only'—I've seen that. We just have a lot of real fun, mostly in the streets."

"One thing you can count on out here. We celebrate everything that can be celebrated, and the beauty of a lot of our good times is that they have a way of just breaking loose instead of being cooked up in advance."

There can be no doubt that that is true. Many artists have inhabited San Francisco, and the city has always been beloved by them; especially, it sometimes seems, by the writing group. Mark Twain records that on his arrival he "fell in love with the most cordial and sociable city in the Union," and countless other authors, from Stevenson down, have paid their tribute.

As might be expected of a country so palpitably beautiful and alive, California has produced many artists in literature and the other branches, and has developed many others who, having had the misfortune to be born elsewhere, possessed at least the good judgment to move to California while still in the formative period.

Sitting around a table in a café one night with a painter, a novelist, and a newspaper man, I set them all to making lists, from memory, of persons following the arts who may be classified as Californians by birth or long residence.

The four most prominent painters listed were Arthur F. Mathews, Charles Rollo Peters, Charles J. Dickman, and Francis McComas, all of them men

standing very high in American art. Among sculptors were mentioned Robert Aitken, Arthur Putnam, Haig Patigian, and Douglas Tilden. Of writers there is a deluge. Besides Mark Twain and Stevenson, the names of Bret Harte, Frank Norris, and Joaquin Miller are, of course, historic in connection with the State. Among living writers born in California were listed Gertrude Atherton, Jack London, Lloyd Osbourne, Austin Strong, Ernest Peixotto, and Kathleen Norris; while among those born elsewhere who have migrated to California were set down the names of Harry Leon Wilson, Stewart Edward White, James Hopper, Mary Austin, Grace MacGowan Cooke, Alice MacGowan, Rufus Steele, and Bertha Runkle. Still another group of writers who do not now reside in California are, nevertheless, associated with the State because of having lived there in the past. Among these are Wallace and Will Irwin, Gelett Burgess, Eleanor Gates, Kate Douglas Wiggin, Edwin Markham, George Sterling, Richard Tully, Jack Hines, and Arno Dosch.

At this juncture it occurs to me that, quite regardless of the truth, I had better say that I have not set down these names according to any theories of mine about the order of their importance, but that I have copied them off as they came to me on lists made by other persons, who shall be sheltered to the last by anonymity.

Baedeker in his little red book declares that "earthquakes occur occasionally in San Francisco, but have seldom been destructive," after which he recites that in 1906 "a severe earthquake lasting about a minute" visited the city, that "the City Hall became a mass of ruins, but, on the whole, few of the more solid structures were seriously injured."

Touchy, Touchy!

SAN FRANCISCO is notoriously sensitive upon this subject, and her sensitiveness is not difficult to understand. For one thing, earthquakes, interesting though they may be as demonstrations of the power of Nature, are not generally considered a profitable form of advertising for a city, although, curiously enough, they seem, like volcanic eruptions, to visit spots of the greatest natural beauty. For another thing, San Francisco feels that "earthquake" is really a misnomer for her disaster, and that this fact is not generally understood in such remote and ill-informed localities as, for instance, the island of Manhattan.

There is not a little justice in this contention. However the city may have been "shaken down" in the past by corrupt politicians, the quake did no such thing. All the damage done by the actual trembling of the ground might have been repaired at a cost of a few millions had not the quake started the fire and at the same time destroyed the means of fighting it.

the city is not actually in the earthquake belt. Scientists have examined the earthquake's fault line, and have declared that it comes down the coast to a point some miles north of the city, where it obligingly heads out to sea, passing around San Francisco and coming ashore again far to the south.

While, to my mind, this seems to indicate an extraordinary degree of good nature on the part of an earthquake, I have come, through a negative course of reasoning, to accept it as true. For it so happens that I have discussed literature with a considerable number of scientific men, and I can but conclude from the experience that they must know an enormous amount about other matters. Therefore, on earthquakes, I am bound entirely by their decisions, and I believe that all well-ordered earthquakes will be so bound, and that the only chance of future trouble from this source in San Francisco might arise through a visit from some irresponsible, renegade quake which was not a member of the regular organization.

A City Reborn

AS TO San Francisco's "touchiness" upon the subject there is this much more to be said: The city has been magnificently reconstructed. Another quake might kick over another building, but the city would not go as it did before, because, aside from the fact that the main part of it is now a nearly unburnable as any group of buildings anywhere, the most elaborate system of fire protection has been installed. If, in future, water connections are broken at one point, or two points, or several points, there will still be plenty of water from other sources.

As an outsider, in love with San Francisco, who has yet had the temerity to mention the forbidden word, I may perhaps venture a little farther and suggest that it is time for sensitiveness over the word "earthquake" to cease.

Let us use what word we like: the fact remains that the disaster brought out magnificent qualities in San Francisco's people; they were victorious over it; they have fortified themselves against a repetition of it; they transformed catastrophe into opportunity. It is granted to but few cities and few men really to begin life anew.

On Primrose Path

SAN FRANCISCANS love to show their city off. Nevertheless they take a curious delight in countering against the enthusiasm of the alien with a solemn wag of the head and the invariable:

"Ah, but you should have seen, felt, tasted, smelled, heard it before the Fire!"

They say that about everything, old and new. They say it indiscriminately, without thought of what it

means. They love the sound of it, and have made it a fixed habit. They say it about district and buildings, about hotels and the Barbary Coast (where ragtime dancing is said to have originated—and it's much like the old Bowery in New York), and the Presidio (the military post, overlooking the sea), and Golden Gate Park (a semitropical wonder place, built on what used to be sand dunes, and guarded by park policemen who carry lassos with which to stop runaways), and Chinatown, and the Fish Market (which resembles a collection of still-life studies by William M. Chase), and the Bank Exchange (which is not a commercial institution, but a venerable bar, presided over by Duncan Nicol, who came around the Horn with his eyeglasses over his ear, where he continues to wear them while mixing Pisco cocktails). They say it also of "Ernie" and his celebrated "Number Two" cocktail, with a hazelnut in it; and of the St. Francis Hotel (which is one of the best run and most perfectly cosmopolitan hotels in the country), and of the Fairmont Hotel (a wonderful pile, commanding the city and the bay as Bertolini's commands the city and the bay of Naples), and the Palace Hotel (where drinks are twenty-five cents each, as in the old days; where ripe olives are a specialty, and where, over the bar, hangs Maxfield Parrish's

(Continued on page 25)



"I have eaten Parisian meals in San Francisco," writes Mr. Street, "and drunk splendid wines"—but this is fox-trot time at the gay Cliff House, whose setting (poets say) looks like Sorrento, Italy

Baedeker, always conservative, estimates the fire loss at three hundred and fifty millions.

Furthermore, it is contended in San Francisco that

From the Western Slaughter Line



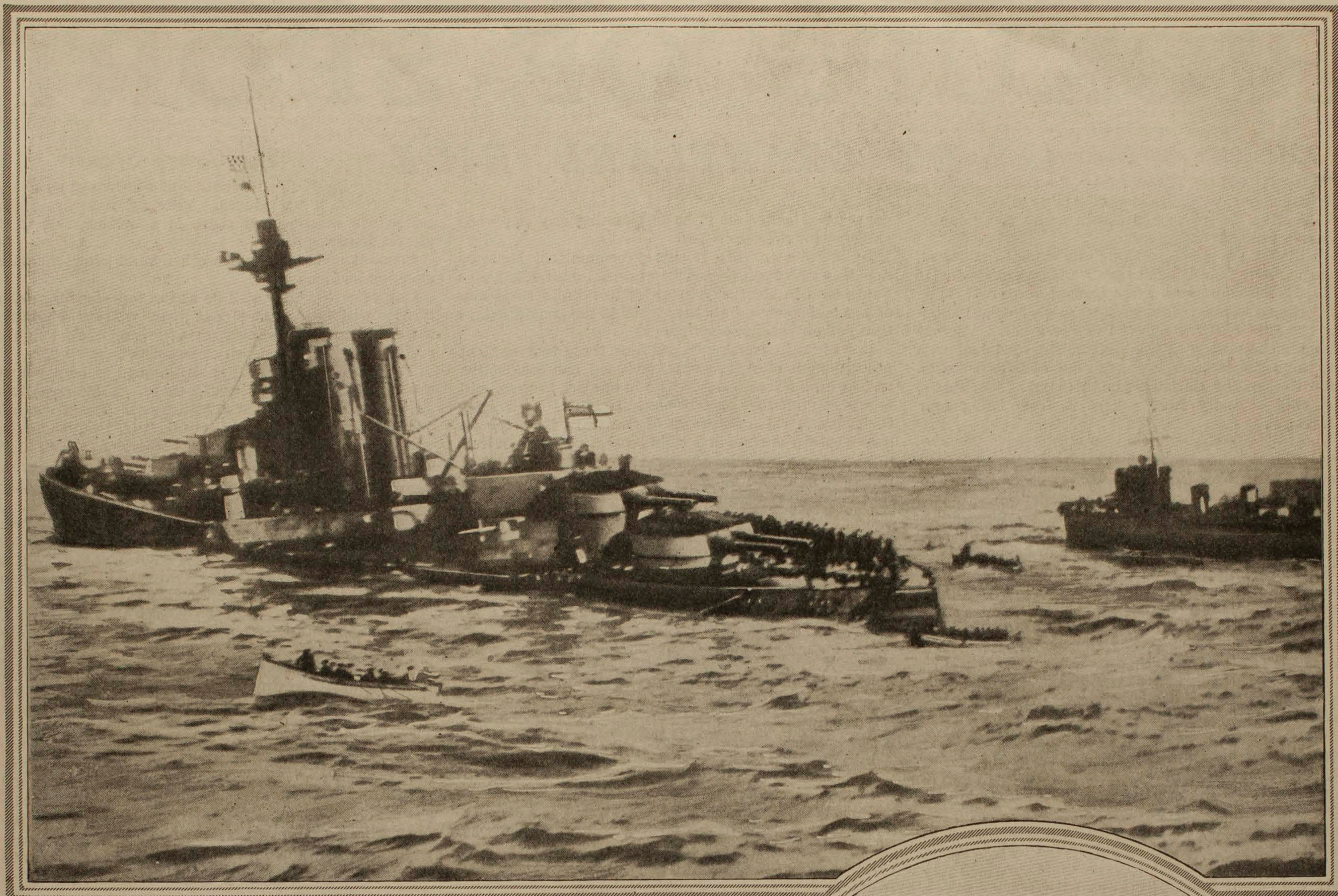
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LOWERING A WOUNDED SOLDIER into the hold of a hospital ship on the Seine River. An organization of wealthy women in Paris recently had a large number of barges on the Seine converted into hospitals for the wounded from the battle fields of northern France and western Belgium, and are themselves serving as nurses



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GERMANS CAPTURED IN WEST BELGIUM, the scene of the biggest battle ever fought, being escorted to a prison barracks by Algerians attached to the French army. This experience is humiliating to the Germans, because their dislike of the Moors with the Allies is as bitter as their hatred of the British. But these prisoners are more fortunate than many of their comrades. In the assaults upon the line between Lille and the sea upward of 100,000 courageous Germans fell before the Allies' fire



A Goliath of the Sea Meets Its David

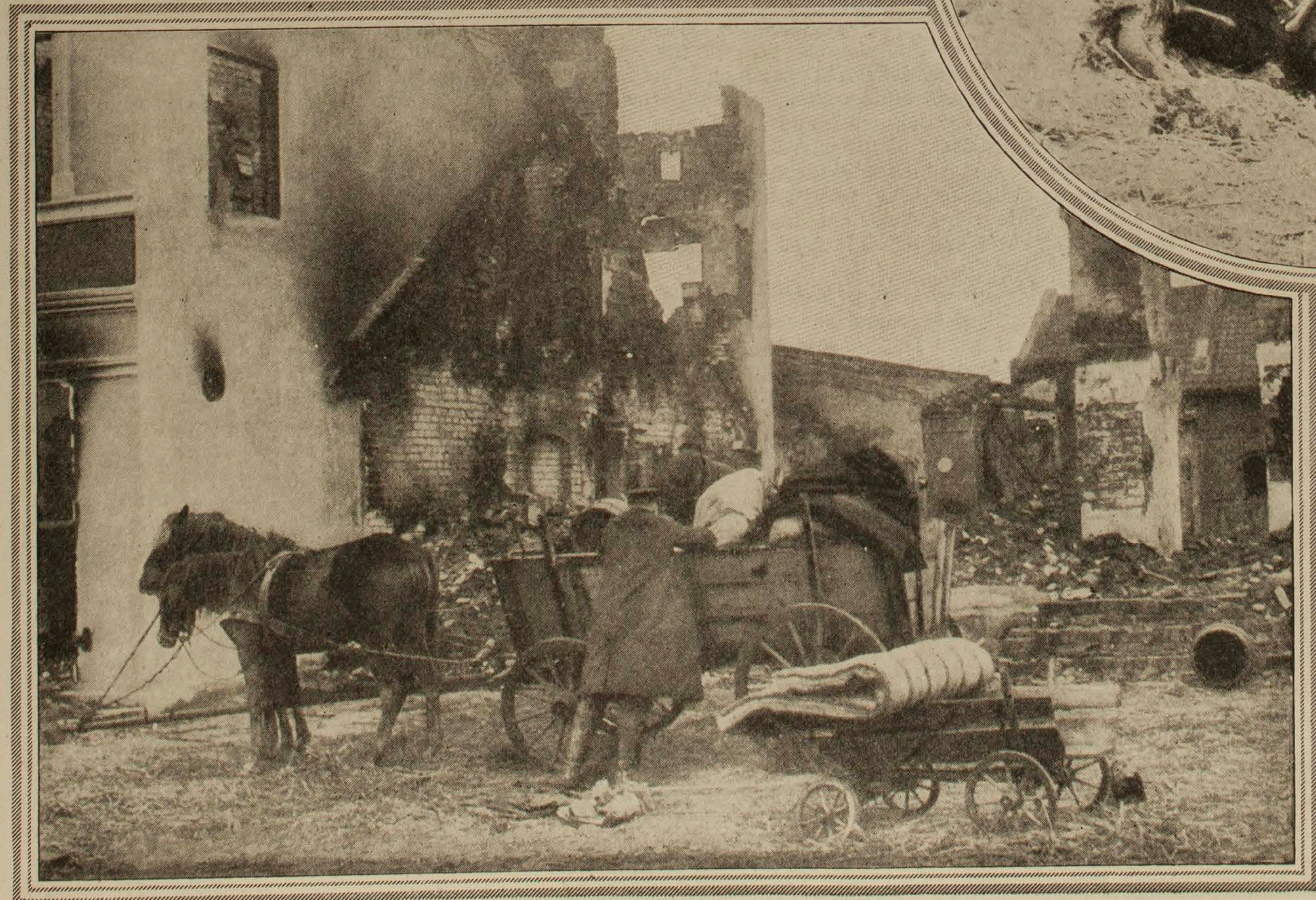
THE British superdreadnought *Audacious* was a bold, venturesome warship, just as Goliath the Gath was a reckless, arrogant old gladiator, but she became the easy prey of a German David who knew the trick of mine laying. As the great battleship was steaming along the north coast of Ireland a hidden mine inflicted a mortal wound in her side. Luckily the White Star liner *Olympic* was near by and came to the rescue of the officers and crew. One of the *Olympic's* passengers took the snapshot above as the men were being rowed to safety. After the last man had abandoned her and while the *Olympic* and some small warcraft were standing by, the *Audacious* blew up. The British

Admiralty suppressed the news of the disaster, which occurred on October 27, and it was nearly three weeks before the story reached the press of this country. One theory is that the ship was sunk by one of Britain's own mines. The *Audacious* was of 23,000 tons, and carried a battery of ten 13.5-inch guns and sixteen 4-inch.

IN the circle two French colonial troopers are seen bending over a wounded comrade. They are in a trench near Dixmude, Belgium, the scene of much of the most violent fighting of all time. Dixmude is said to be of little strategic value, but the Germans sacrificed regiment after regiment in their assaults upon it. The Allies also lost heavily.



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Another Belgium Needs the World's Sympathy

NONE of the sympathy for the millions of destitute Belgians has been wasted, but in centering its attention upon King Albert's people, the world has failed to realize fully the terrible sufferings of the noncombatants in the large region laid waste by the armies in the eastern campaign. A strip of country over 300 miles long and varying from 50 to 100 miles in width has been devastated by the German, Austrian, and Russian armies, and most of the civilian population is in want. The scene in snapshot at the left, taken near the East Prussian border, is typical of thousands. A German, with a few household effects hauled away before the bombardment, has returned to find his home in ruins. A movement for the relief of the Poles has been started in this country. Contributions are sent to the Polish National Relief Fund, 265 Central Park West, New York.

PICKUPS OF SPORT

Haughton and Harvard

BY GRANTLAND RICE

The Game's Specter

PERCY HAUGHTON, the Czar, Emperor, Mandarin, and Kaiser of Harvard's football fortunes, has shown again the value of systems over individuals.

In the six years before Haughton came to Harvard, Yale had rolled up 74 points against Harvard's abject 0.

In the first six years after Haughton arrived, Harvard has scored 39 points against Yale's 9—not including the 1914 battle. Which is quite a shift. Before Haughton landed with his system, Harvard had won but three games from Princeton out of fifteen starts. After the landing Harvard won three out of four starts, and only a costly fumble kept it from being four straight.

Yale ruled in the old days through Camp's fine system—a system continued from year to year. When Camp dropped out the old Yale system fluttered and shifted and lost its organized efficiency.

Princeton has enjoyed neither a Camp system nor a Haughton system, and so has been forced to depend upon Tiger courage, alertness, and individual skill, which is something to have, but which is under a heavy handicap when thrust against the same virtues organized and directed in the proper way.

Yale this season secured Hinkey to give the Haughton system battle. But for the warfare between the Crimson and the Blue to be waged upon equal terms, Hinkey must be given his chance to build up and to perfect what he has only had a chance to start.

For no system is established in a year—which in a football way embraces but two months' work and play. And only a select few from the big mass are capable of installing a system worth while. Camp, Yost, Haughton, Sharpe, and Stagg are leading examples—where to win there must be a combination of highly developed football intelligence and a capacity for organization and magnetic leadership—which possibly ten of our hundred million natives possess.

Another Record

ON THE 14th of October, 1911, exactly 38,281 people paid \$75,000 to see the Giants and Athletics meet at the Polo Grounds in the first game of the World Series. There had been gossip before this of greater crowds at football games and at the race track, but so far as we know this was the largest officially registered crowd, all paid customers, that had ever witnessed a sporting event in America.

This was a city in itself and a snug fortune arranged with it, but meager in outline compared to the number of souls and the number of dollars the great Yale bowl was built to handle for the Yale-Harvard battle of November 21, 1914. Seventy thousand seats, calling for a \$140,000 tax at the gates, was the record set up in the New Haven arrangement, almost doubling any past mark in American sporting history. Records are broken frequently in this alert and energetic land of ours, but seldom broken with such smashing effect—and with such a wide margin beyond the old mark that faded and vanished from sight in the rear.

The Baseball Magnate Answers

*"The Hun is at the Gate"—
The baseball magnate read,
And straightway o'er his face
A smile of pleasure spread.*

*"The Hun is at the Gate"—
The magnate quelled the din—
"If he's got fifty cents
Why, let the sucker in."*

Call in the Censor

STALLINGS, in a signed confession, admits that he will have a much better ball club next year than he was able to show through 1914.

"In Davis, Strand, and Crutcher," he says, "I will have three grand young pitchers to add to Rudolph, Tyler, and James—and these last three average well under twenty-five years."

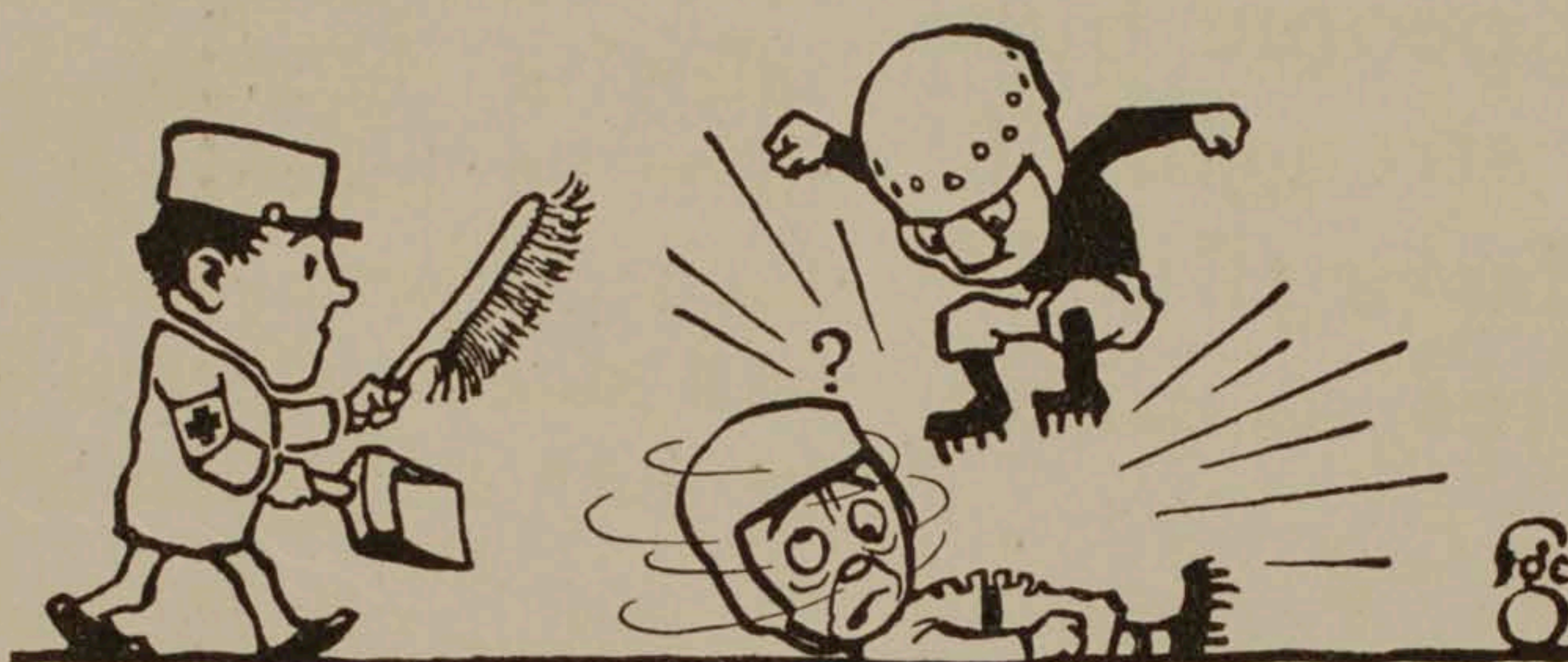
As Stallings, after July first, was able to win 80 per cent of his National League games and 100 per cent of his World Series starts, it is high time an official

censor was called in if he is planning any improved machine for the year ahead.

In answer to this Boston proclamation, McGraw and Mack between them will crate a hundred athletes South late in February in order to rebuild their machines and so obtain another whiff of the good old days that reeked with kale and glory.

It will be interesting to see how these two eminent practitioners, once thoroughly aroused, can combat the wiles of the Miracle Entry who in one brief season pilfered the stuff that once belonged to both. No wonder the two erstwhile Emperors of Swat are throwing up heavy intrenchments and mobilizing a new line of volunteers for active duty. For those that have had it to lose it is a good bit more of a shock than for those that have never had not to get it at all.

As to what veterans Mack and McGraw, in the final selection, will retain or disperse, only the results of



training-camp work can fully show. Mack has already established three veterans on the transport train and McGraw is erecting the skids for several Giants. It will be a grand year, in both camps, for any youngster with a certain amount of ability to show.

The Grim Aftermath

*When the frost is on the half back,
And the full back's on the block,
When the clamp is on the cheering
Where the guards and tackles flock,
Oh, it's then that old Catullus
Takes a wallop at the spine,
As the festive Elder Pliny
Does a Brodie through the line.*

*Oh, it's easy rushing Harvard
Or assaulting grand old Yale;
And the Tiger's form shifts weekly
In an ever-changing scale;
But old Calculus, the Terror,
Brings 'em back upon the shield,
And it's worse when Q. H. Flaccus
Does a tango down the field.*

Another Upset

FORGETTING that this was the year of the Big Upset and of fourteen deposed champions, just as Chicago, Wisconsin, and Minnesota were staging their annual debate as to which one would sit beneath the laurel, Mr. Zuppke & Co. of Illinois came tearing with a burst of speed and a kick in either hoof; also a forward pass in either hand. In less than two years the ex-interscholastic coach had put the championship brand on his entry and lifted it from an ancient rut.

Changing a Program

IF THE next Olympic games as scheduled are held in Berlin, it is quite evident that the old order of events must undergo a change. We suggest the following as worthy of the trained skill of Europe:

1. Bayonet charge at forty paces.
2. Rifle fire at group of old men, women, and children.
3. Applying the sixteen-pound torch to church or hospital.
4. Running-broad murder in all seven degrees.
5. The all-around championship to go to the man who can use a gun, a knife, a torch, a bomb, a bayonet, and a lance with greatest effect—each country to furnish sufficient non-combatants for test.

NORMAL individuals grow old by gradual stages. Year by year after the prime has been passed there is a decline, but it is almost imperceptible.

Pennant machines on the other hand grow old with amazing suddenness.

One year they may still be at the top—teeming with virility and dash. And next year, without warning, their time has come—the gray is around their temples and the buoyancy and pep of youth is past.

Through 1913, the Giants still looked to be a young machine. The speed was still there. The aggressiveness and the ambition was still there. There was no sign of age about them in any detail. But when the waning days of August and September, 1914, had arrived, the Giants had grown old as the Cubs grew old and the Tigers grew old and all other three-times winners of the past.

Some of their erstwhile fastest men were being constantly doubled up. Double-plays registered against them were far more frequent than a year ago. On infield hits they were being nipped by an eyelash at first where a year ago they lay beating the throw by a half stride. Against competition that in 1911, 1912, and 1913 they would have annihilated, in the closing stages of 1914 they were forced to battle desperately for an even break. They had the heart left to battle against rival clubs, but they were bewildered and baffled when it came to an attack against the Game's specter—Machine Old Age.

They were unable to fight this specter—because they refused to believe it had arrived. "The mocking memory of youth" refused to be dispersed. Only one man on the club confessed to us one day that he was slowing up. "I know," he said, "that somewhere this season I have lost half a stride. I feel that I am running as fast as ever. I can't see where the speed has gone. But I know that half stride is missing."

The Intersectional Future

A FEW years ago the West, in a body, was more than keen for an intersectional football argument with the East, but the East was then the shy and diffident party. Now the East is anxious to plunge into an intersectional debate, but outside of Michigan and Notre Dame the West has developed the ancient coyness of the East, the Conference standing pat as an aloof corporation.

In spite of which the broadening tendencies of intersectional games have been proved, and 1915 is almost sure to see more of these contests than any other year on the docket of sport.

The Harvard-Michigan game, in addition to being a fine football battle, was a carnival of sportsmanship unsurpassed.

Princeton will join with Harvard, Yale, Penn, and Cornell in arranging Western competition when the next schedule is arranged, provided there is any tendency on the part of leading Western elevens to join with Michigan and Notre Dame.

Only the East can hardly take it for granted that the West is to do all the visiting, for not even Harvard, Yale, or Princeton has yet reached that exclusive point of inner royalty. If it is to be—which it should be—a friendly and an instructive affair, then an interchange of visits is in order.

The All All-American

RETURNING from a recent football battle we put the query up to a brace of officials as to whether or not any one man could be named as the greatest individual football player of all time.

Both agreed that if any one man could be picked it must be Jim Thorpe, who in their opinion was great in more ways than any other entry in the fold. Both agreed that Thorpe was a master workman in every department of play, a brilliant runner, line smasher, drop-kicker, punter, tackler, and blocker—and neither had ever seen him take out a second's time for injury in spite of the opposing assaults hurled against him. They figured that both Coy and Brickley stood high, but that both lacked the wonderful all-around brilliancy of the man who is undoubtedly the finest all-around athlete that ever lived.



MERCHANTS PREFER AMERICAN GOODS

Consumers Have Been the Stumbling-Block

Wholesale merchants, who gather from manufacturers everywhere and sell to the retailer, are in hearty accord with Collier's "made in U. S. A." campaign.

The jobber is in the best possible position to measure the force of a buying sentiment. He serves not one city, but many—not one class of people, but all classes. He knows the strength of the American prejudice in favor of foreign labels, and he deplores its folly while he has to cater to it.

As a business man and an American the jobber wants to buy at home. He knows that every dollar he spends with American manufacturers increases his own trade by increasing the buying power of American citizens. But heretofore he has had to meet the demand for foreign goods as a matter of self-protection. He has known that if he did not meet it, other jobbers would.

To illustrate a characteristic folly of the American buyer, a Chicago wholesale grocer calls our attention to a brand of pickled onions that is put up in England. The onions were grown in Cook County, Illinois, shipped to England, processed, bottled, labeled—that is the important thing—and shipped back to Cook County, Illinois, where at a higher price they outsell not only equally good American onions, but identically the same onions under an American label.

This jobber has good reasons for wanting to replace many foreign lines with American goods, but declares that the public will not give up their folly

except when shown an overwhelming superiority of the home product.

A hardware jobber says that his business would be more profitable and satisfactory if he could get everything in this country. Foreign manufacturers rarely make deliveries in less than five months. Estimating stock demands for half-a-year ahead is difficult even in the most staple lines. The jobbing houses of the West base their trade estimates on crops. Wholesalers of the East add to this factor an estimate of industrial conditions. Buyers study their markets hard, but they are not prophets, and stocks ordered so far in advance are apt to be either too small or too large.

The hardware jobber as well as the wholesale grocer would be glad if all their wants could be supplied in America. Both of them have factories of their own in which they are already introducing processes for making some of the things they have imported, and they are working with other manufacturers to make sure that they can get in this country nearly all of the things that Europe formerly has furnished.

If the public will give American goods a fair trial it will be found that the war has caused us, as consumers, a very slight loss. There are few of our needs that cannot be better filled at home.

It is unnecessary to develop a prejudice against foreign goods. It is essential only that we have no prejudice against any goods whatever—that we give American goods a chance to show that they are as good or better than the things we import—and to prefer them when they are as good or better.

THE WHOLE MATTER IS SQUARELY UP TO THE AMERICAN CONSUMER. IT IS THE CONSUMER WHO HAS DEMANDED THE FOREIGN LABEL—IT MUST BE THE CONSUMER WHO NOW DEMANDS THE AMERICAN LABEL. LET'S PRESENT A UNITED FRONT IN FAVOR OF FAIR PLAY FOR GOODS

MADE IN U. S. A.

E. L. Patterson

Vice-President and General Manager
P. F. Collier & Son, Inc.



WINCHESTER

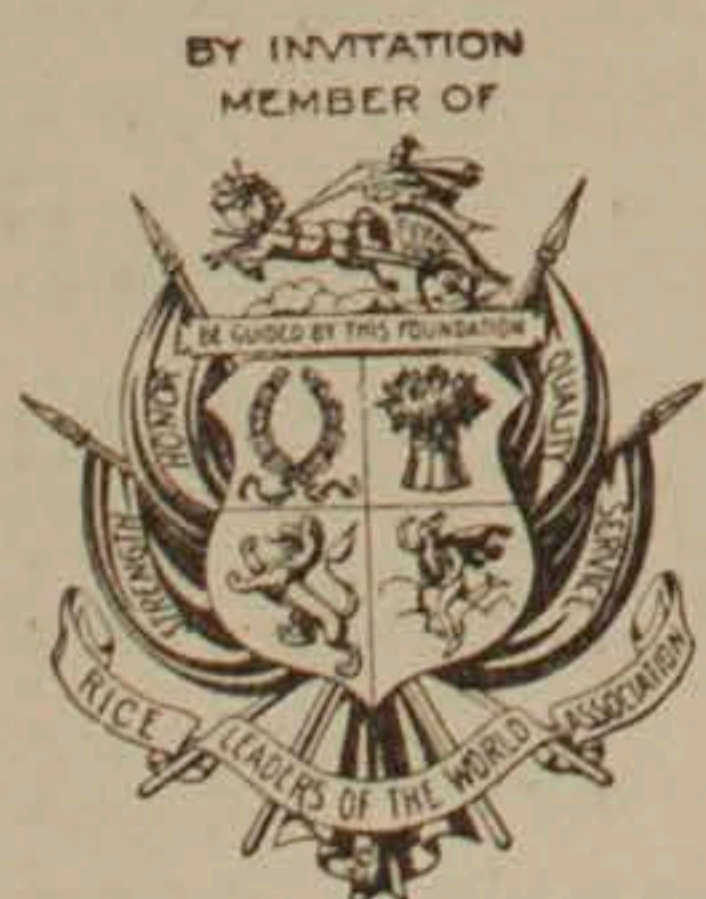
Rifles and Shotguns

MAKE FINE HOLIDAY GIFTS

A Winchester rifle or shotgun for a man who hunts; a light-weight rifle or a 16 or 20 gauge shotgun for an out-of-door girl; or a .22 caliber rifle or a shotgun for a boy, will make a very acceptable Christmas present. For the sake of completeness, include a supply of Winchester cartridges or shotgun shells.

One can spend a little or a good deal of money for a Winchester gun, as they are made in various styles, which sell at prices ranging all the way from \$3.50 for a little single shot to \$500 or more for an elaborately engraved and ornamented rifle or shotgun. Your local dealer can tell you all about them.

WINCHESTER REPEATING ARMS CO.
NEW HAVEN, CONN.



San Diego's Evolutionary Exposition

By
JERRE C. MURPHY

A Twelve-Month Summer School of Efficiency

DOES any old master of the art of hunting big game know whether Colonel Roosevelt ever saw a mocking bird vanquish a cat? The action has taken place. It was by no trickery, through no fluke, but for merits and repeatedly. I have an intimate, prolonged, and joyful acquaintance with the bird.

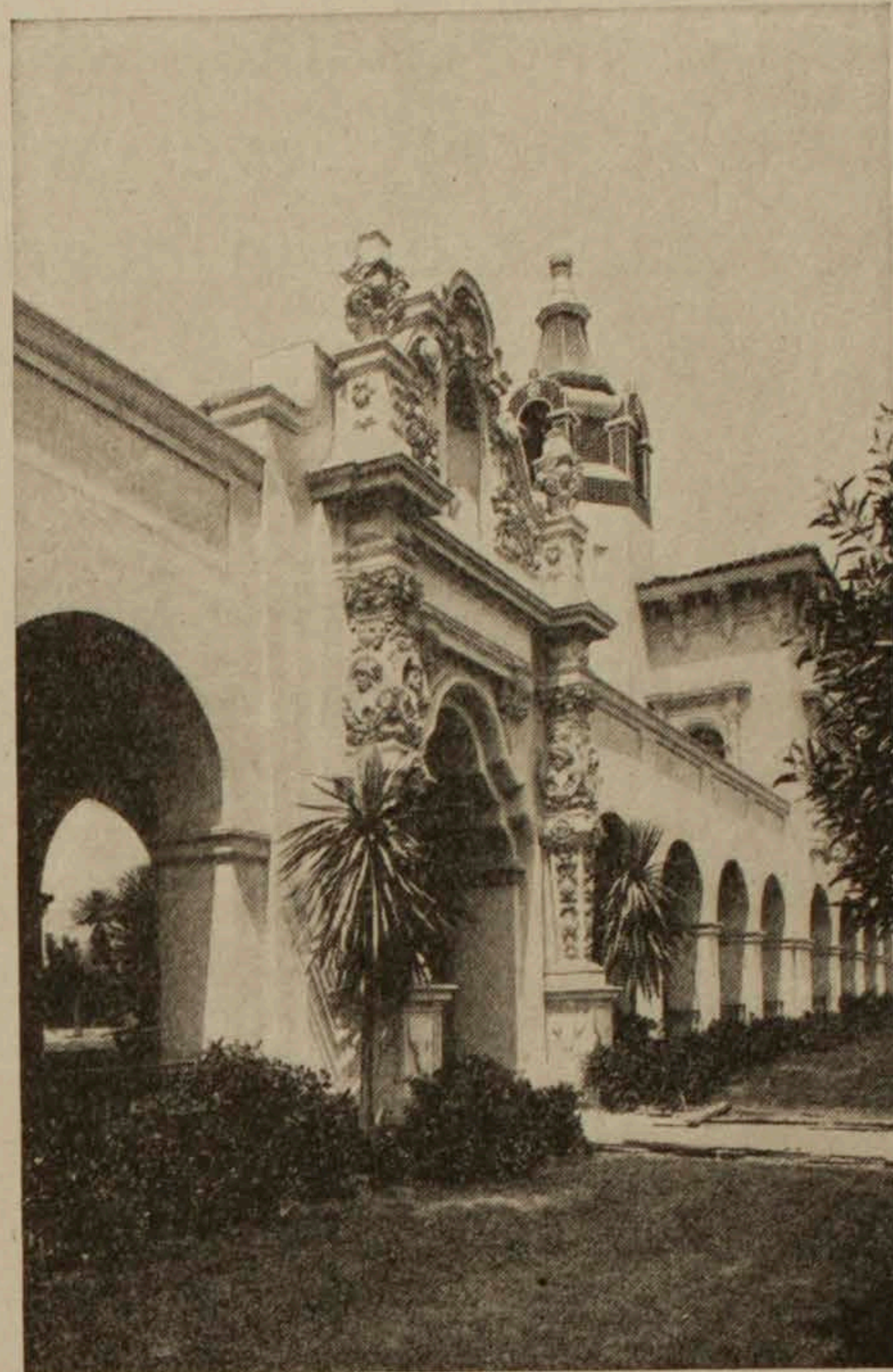
He was first observed early in the year—possibly February, probably March. He was on the pinnacle of a star-pine tree, chirping in an emphatic and persistent way to a somewhat smaller bird of the same feathered tribe which was resting quietly on a lower branch, making much use of its eyes after the fashion of its kind. Despite sex problems and marriage tyranny and political inequalities, plainly love again would have its way, and here was the beginning of a new family, for better or worse.

Mrs. Bird's Home Life

MR. MOCKING BIRD was singing from the tree top the glories and enhancing values of an unobstructed view site, while Mrs. Mocking Bird, nearer ground, was looking for closet room and accommodations for unostentatious hanging out clothes. Suddenly the female bird gave a shrill note of warning and flew away, followed quickly by a silenced mate. Beneath the tree, with Svengali eyes still turned upward, was that fine Angora cat. Next morning the birds were back, not in the scant-limbed pine, but in an adjacent thick-leaved great palm tree, laying the foundation for a home far out on one of the upper leaves, where no wise cat would go. It was a full month later when cat and bird made public appearance together. Seemingly Mrs. Bird had canceled all social engagements and was employed exclusively by home and family affairs. Besides meeting the necessity of providing for two and his multiplied responsibilities as head of a household, Mr. Bird did most of the mocking for a considerable neighborhood. He worked overtime to do it, nights and Sundays and legal holidays, mimicking every bird noise from the peep of a chicken in distress to the caw of a crow during daytime, mocking himself to keep in practice after sending the nightingale to bed in the dark hours.

Mr. Bird Mocks Mrs. Angora

JUST at this critical time in the career of the mocking bird, which was a fine morning last May, the Angora cat, washed and combed in style becoming its ancestry and station, marched down the sidewalk to make a few formal calls on the neighbors and to pay a friendly visit to a nearby cañon lot where an aromatic herb (*Nepeta cataria*) flourishes. It started across the street with slow and measured steps, displaying the ripe dignity of conscious wealth of power. As it came almost in line with the star-pine tree, a tiny shadow swept along the highway. The cat paused to observe. Mr. Mocking Bird swung within a half inch of the cat's ear and as he passed dropped the best imitation of the old Rebel yell of 1863 ever emitted from so small an instrument. The cat was visibly surprised and manifestly annoyed. It was astonished and distressed five sec-



San Diego blends in her Fair buildings—here it is the Science and Education Building—Spanish and Moorish and Mission styles

onds later when the bird made the return trip over the same route, omitting the noise and utilizing its versatile little bill to collect and carry along a few golden hairs from the luxuriant growth on the cat's back. The bird flew home. The cat moved on somewhat more rapidly, with more affectation and less ease apparent in its show of composure. Of course the cat came back in time. The bird played a return engagement with variations. It waited patiently on other days for new opportunities. It pursued and perplexed and be-deviled that cat till the animal confessed defeat

by surrendering the open field and seeking new routes of travel.

The foregoing trifling little true story is offered as Exhibit A in the case of the San Diego Exposition *vs.* An Indifferent and Selfish World. Because what the eagle is to free people, what the owl is to modern standpatters, the mocking bird appears to be to San Diego folk; a constant source of inspiration and courage and pride and joy. In the conception and birth and growth and trials and triumphs of the San Diego Exposition there has been demonstrated an infinite capacity for giving and borrowing and doing and inventing and soaring and falling and singing and fighting and flattering and boasting and achieving. And with these assets the mocking bird earned its name and fame.

San Diego Speaks for Herself

THE makers of San Diego could, and did, glory in the town's possession of 20,000 inhabitants in the year 1905. Counting tourists and Mexican laborers there may have been something more than 30,000 people within the spacious pueblo limits in August, 1909. Then and there it was solemnly proposed that a World's Fair in San Diego would be a fitting celebration of the opening of the Panama Canal in 1915, as well as an enterprise becoming to the growing ambitions and importance of the town as the first Pacific port of call in United States territory. Honesty compels the confession that the chief material assets of the city at that time consisted of the large and handsome bay harbor, in much the same stage of development and commercial use as when Father Junipero Serra founded the Spanish Mission and town in 1769, and a climate incomparable in the United States for even range of temperature throughout the year, made delightful to human sensibilities by a blending of sun-kissed atmosphere with sea-kissed breezes. These resources were reinforced by a second generation of the men inspired with the abiding hope and confidence that gave creation to the great, and greatly disastrous, boom era last century.

For Fame and Future

THIS working force was sustained by the support and dignity of a small group of men with acquired fortunes. Such was the expanded village layout with which San Diego cheerfully offered to engage in competition with State and national metropolises in the World's Fair business, and to wager its future on the result.

Credit for the inception of the work belongs to G. Aubrey Davidson, in 1909

president of the local commerce organization and of a bank. His suggestion was approved forthwith. An exposition company was incorporated immediately. Stock to the amount of \$1,000,000 was subscribed by citizens.

San Diego Wakes Up

WHEN San Francisco and New Orleans borrowed the San Diego idea and engaged in a contest to decide which one should gather the fruit of it, the San Diego champions yielded right of way to the might of greater wealth and influence. The exposition officials made a business as well as a virtue of loyalty to California, and secured an agreement in writing with the San Francisco fair managers. Thereby it was stipulated that there should be two expositions in California in 1915, San Diego to confine her efforts in exploitation to the southwestern United States, Mexico, Central and South America, giving the remainder of the world to the west-coast metropolis.

From this necessary change of plan San Diego evolved a scheme for an exposition of the history and development of the peoples and countries of the new world brought under Spanish conquest, and adopted the method of "processes instead of products" for her exhibition of progress in the United States. A tract of 614 acres, consisting of high mesas and deep cañons in their wild state on high ground, commanding superb views of city, bay, ocean, islands, and mountain, was selected for an exposition site. San Diego issued bonds for almost \$2,000,000 for permanent park improvements. The State of California appropriated \$250,000 for a permanent building on this exposition site to be devoted to a museum of State history. The eight counties of "Southern California" contributed more than a like sum to provide for their exhibition building and an outdoor growing exhibit. Counties within the vast San Joaquin and Sacramento valleys, which cover the central part of the State to the northern border, followed the example of collective specializing for exposition enterprise. Thus the exposition projectors provided a site, now cheaply appraised at \$4,000,000, and more than a like sum in real money for buildings and exploitation. A small army of San Diego "boosters" was sent abroad in the world. These successors to the early mission fathers of California were to create interest, convert skeptics, convince princes, potentates, governors, lawmakers, manufacturers—everybody and anybody—with exhibiting and appropriating powers.

In eighteen months' time San Diego had been located on the map. The late E. H. Harriman was discovered to be behind the building of a new transcontinental railway with sea terminals at San Diego's "harbor of the sun." Realty values multiplied. Hundreds of winter tourists became thousands. These were

taught that a locality with fluctuations of climate throughout many years so slight that its weather might be recorded by a horizontal thermometer offered quite as delightful refuge from summer heat as from winter cold. Visitors became investors. Transients turned into residents. Within a four-year term of endeavor a grand total of more than \$40,000,000 has been expended for public utilities, city improvements, and private building enterprises, in this town which had lain dormant and been reputed dead for a full quarter century following the "busted-boom" indigene to almost every ambitious new town in the West. Comes now a season of horrible nightmare to the talented artists of the fairyland play.

Never Told Their Troubles

BUSINESS depression spreading over the civilized world could not miss a place so important as San Diego or an undertaking so dependent upon general prosperity as an international exposition. The ruination in Mexico subtracted one of the most promising exhibitors

and one of the most fruitful fields for exploitation work. Brazil, whose interest and good offices had been enlisted early, experienced a change of administration and policy and abandoned large plans for the fair. Many State legislatures which had shown appreciation shied at the appropriation point. Exhibitors in the national field were found coy and reluctant to seek stimulation of business in a stagnant market by extraordinary publicity expenses.

The builders and the managers and the men who collected funds never told their troubles. They simply discovered two new miracle workers.

Colonel David Charles Collier decided that San Diego could give the world something new in the exposition line more attractive to visitors than anything heretofore known. Director General Davis added the detail of efficiency in service to efficiency of construction in accord with the Collier purpose and esthetic plan.

Colonel Collier accumulated a fortune in San Diego, and spent much of it in promoting the San Diego Exposition. He traveled into three continents and over most States of the Union in the work. He refused all salary for his four years of service, paid his own expenses of travel, and quit only when he could no longer live and work without pay. When he returned to his home city after his retirement from fair work he was welcomed with a reception by thousands of people and given a loving cup big enough for a water cooler. He returned the compliments with the announcement that he had accepted the presidency of a railroad company organized to build a short-line route from Denver to San Diego through new territory.

H. O. Davis created a very favorable impression when he first met the exposition officials as one of the county commissioners from the Sacramento Valley,

Collier's ^{5¢ a copy} THE NATIONAL WEEKLY Dec. 12, 1914

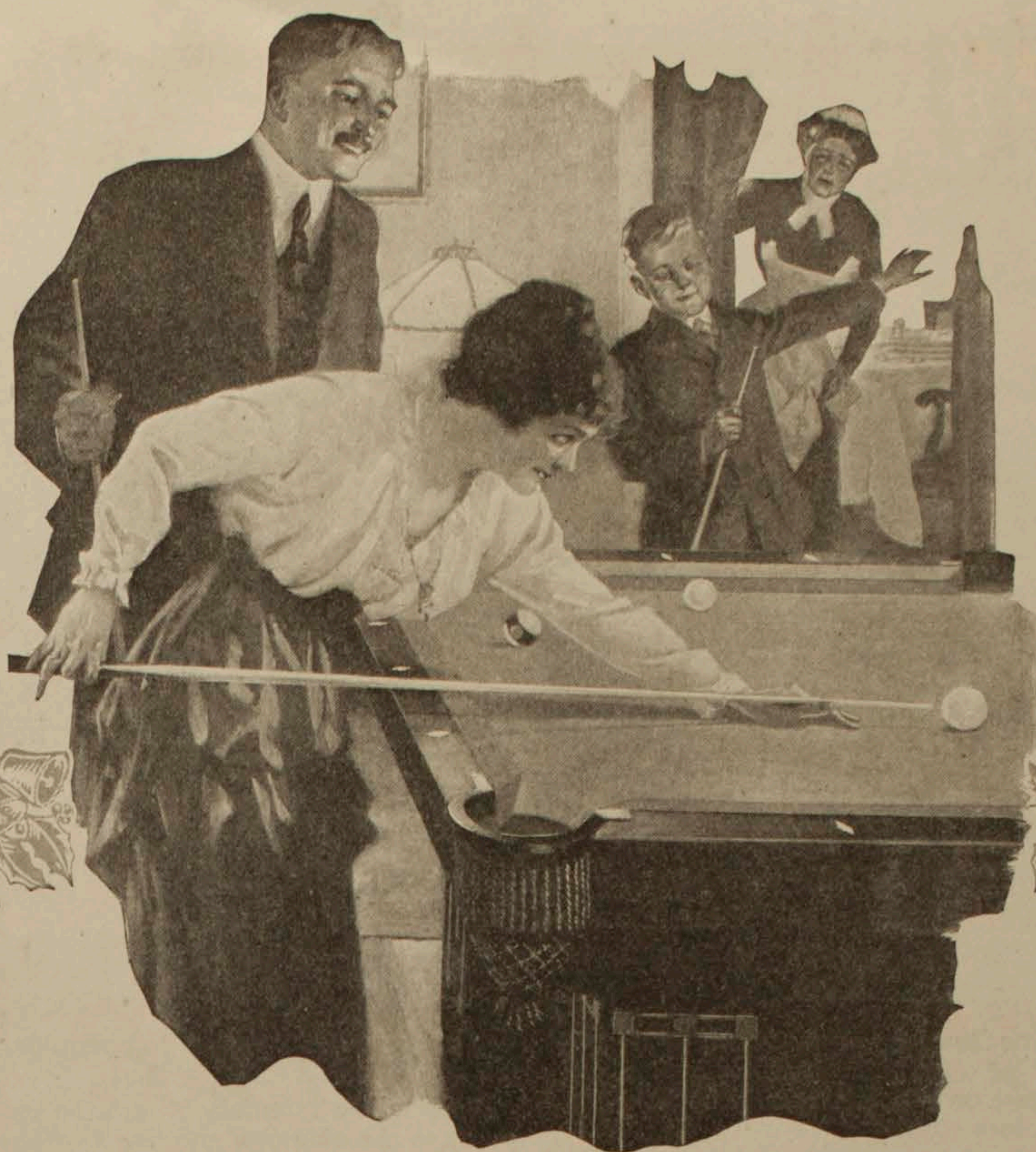


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Father groans—"That finishes me!"

"And it also ends this hunger strike," adds mother.

A good laugh all around. Then they're off to the dining room, where everybody plays the whole game over at the feast!

* * * *

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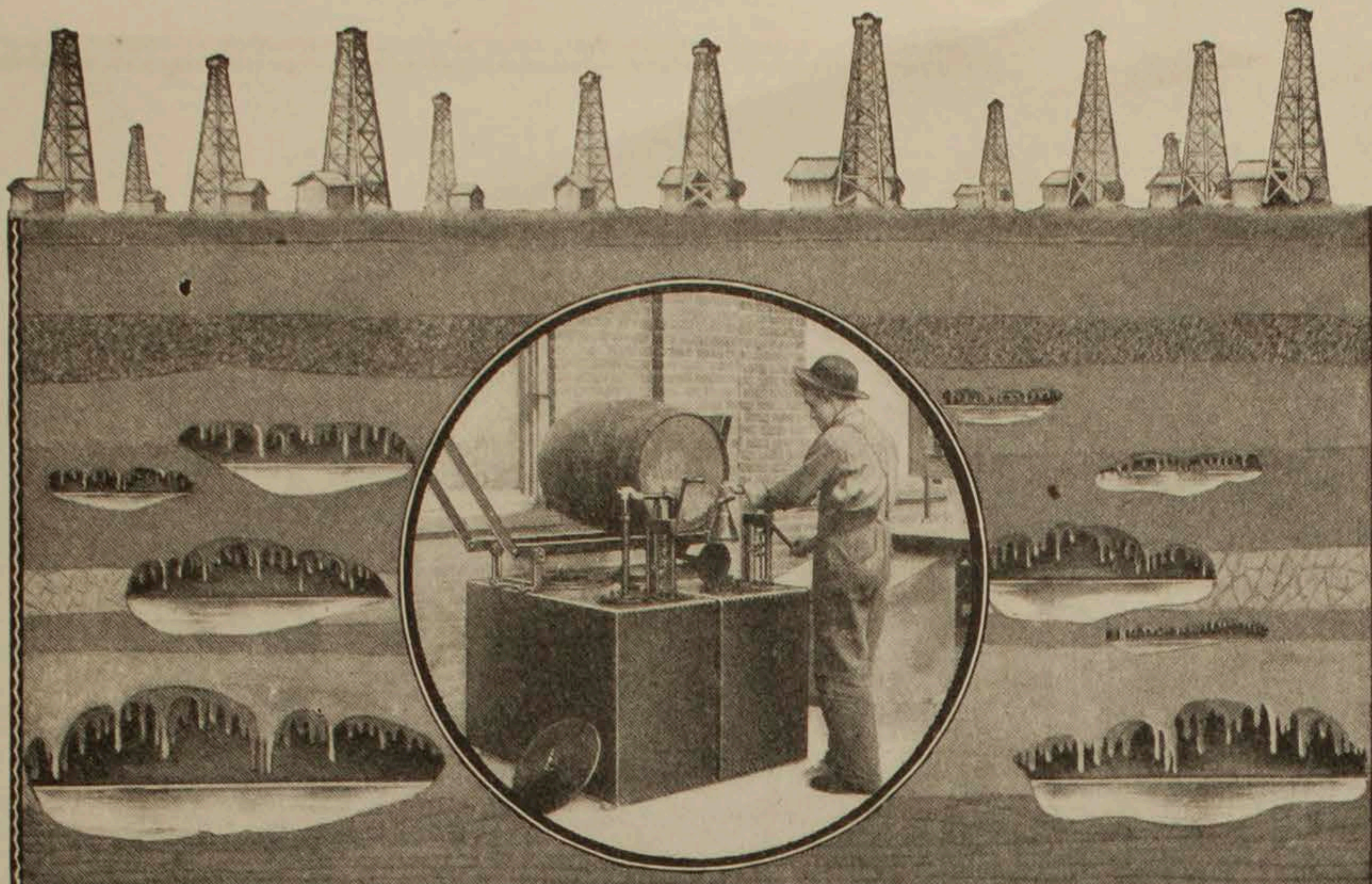
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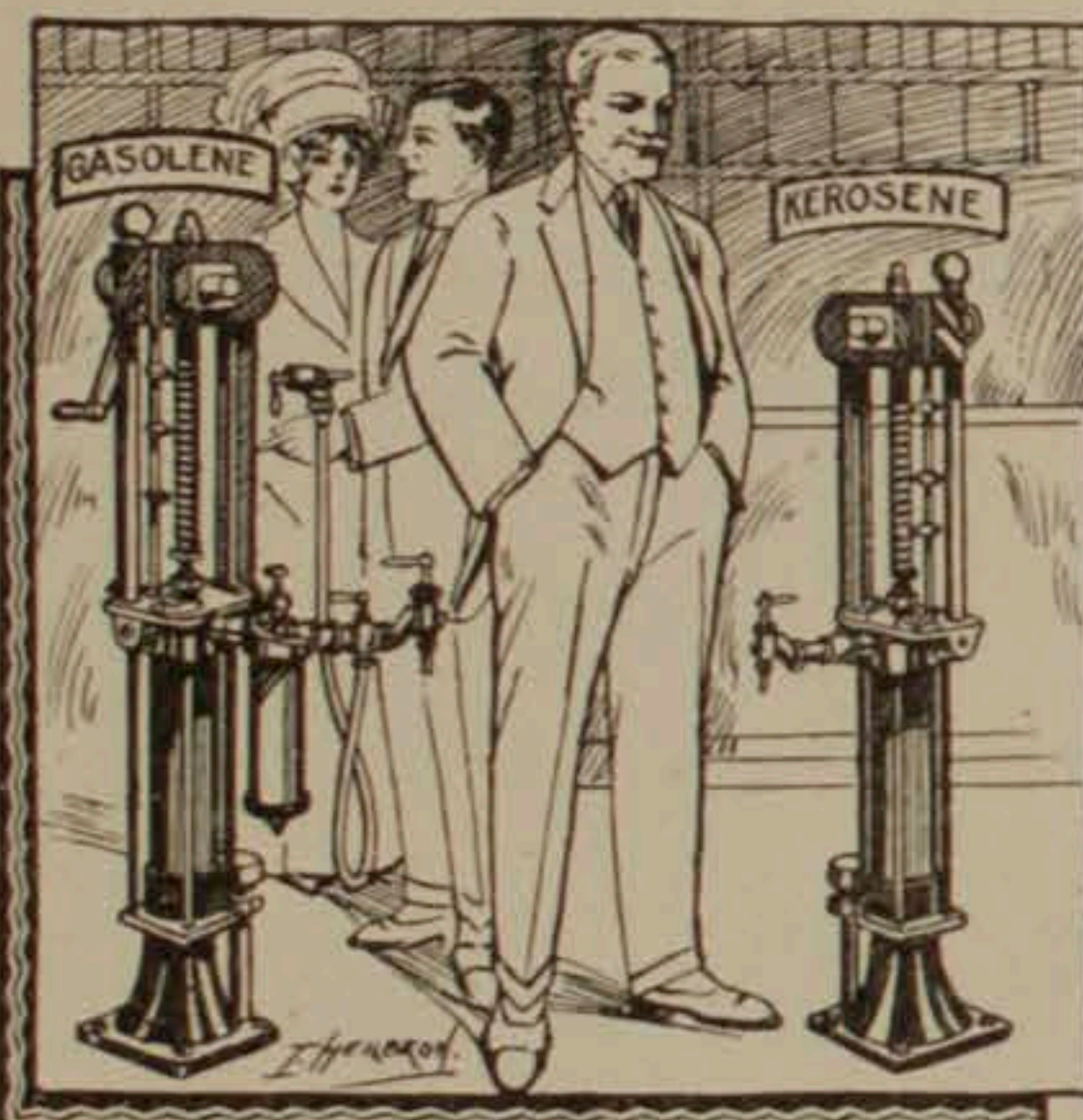
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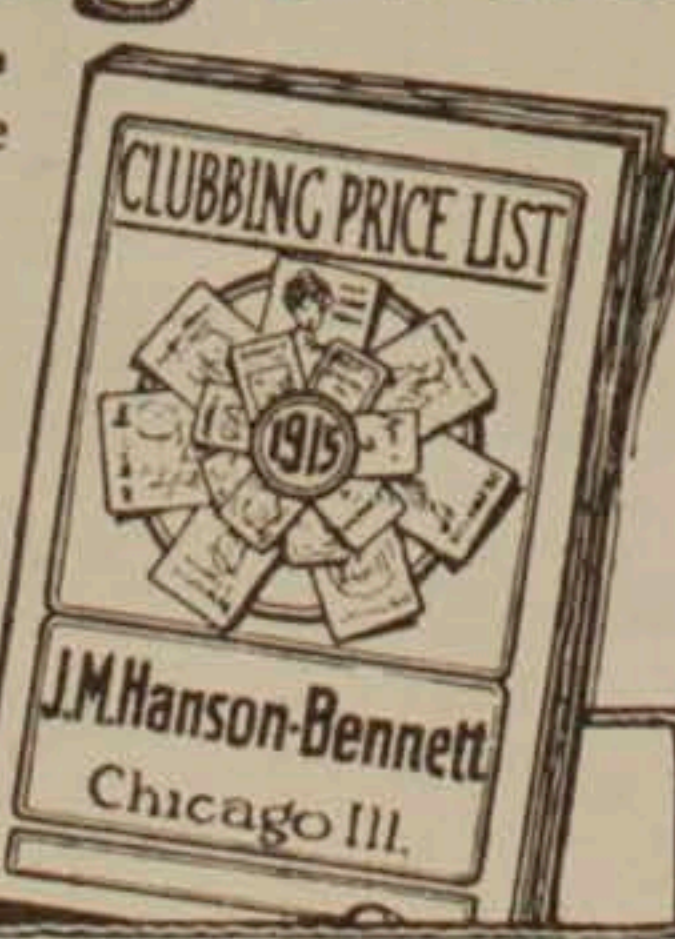
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AS A BED

They made inquiries and learned that he had been extremely efficient in a highly responsible position in Chicago; so he was induced to come to San Diego, and has proved a valuable and satisfactory man.

Handing It to Mr. Davis

A YOUNG newspaper man with Chicago experience, employed in exposition work for a time, told the story:

"H. O.? He's the first page and worth the space in any man's paper. You'll know him the first time you meet him. He's all there all the time. When he reached San Diego the officials were ready with a lot of fine talk about what the Sacramento Valley people could do here. He reciprocated with a few ideas about what the San Diego Exposition could do to make the other doing worth while. A short time later they asked him to come again, and invited him to take up work in line with his ideas. That was in January, 1913. In July he was made Director General. He can hand down more decisions in ten hours than a United States Supreme Court will in ten years, and they will be just as final and a lot more explicit."

Here is Mr. Davis's solution of the exposition problem as it has been worked out by and for San Diego.

"There was forced on San Diego the realization that if the smaller city was to hold a successful exposition it must be radically different from any other World's Fair. To-day that difference is discernible. In 1915 it will be obvious. In the years to follow it will be insistent and unmistakable. Briefly it is the difference between temporary display and permanent development. Each effort has its place without opposition to the other. San Diego evolved the idea of showing to every visitor not the finished product but the process. That is true of agriculture and of manufacture, of the reality and potentiality in both.

Homeseekers—Hail!

"WE are building what we believe to be a constructive exposition, the first of its kind—one that will not, we are convinced, leave stagnation behind it: one that will appeal with corresponding force to banker, to manufacturer, to seller, and where even the casual tourist may come for and get amusement, and go away with an education. That will, we expect, give impetus to the settlement of the land and the development of our agricultural resources. It will, we hope, point the way toward the solution of the greatest problem facing the United States to-day, the concentration of population in the cities and the turning of the tide back to the land.

"A city's territory is limited only by the competition of other cities, and, with the exception of certain natural resources peculiar to some localities, that competition is defined by transportation facilities and rates. To determine just what the Panama Canal means to San Diego, and to find the limits of our back country, we took freight rates on commodities originating in the manufacturing centers of the East, carried them by rail to salt water brought them through the canal to San Diego and again carried them eastward by rail until we met competing freight rates by rail from the point of origin. That far we can deliver merchandise from eastern factories for less money than can be done in any other manner. By like rules, we can take products from there to the markets of the Atlantic seaboard and Europe for less money than they can be shipped otherwise. We find that San Diego can thus serve a million square miles of territory, roughly bounded by El Paso, Denver, Salt Lake City, and Tonopah, Nev.

"We secured a force of expert statisticians and now have exhaustive data embracing the following information for this territory by States, counties, and valleys: the total area of each valley, the length of the growing season, the principal farm products, the water resources, the distance from transportation, the total acreage under cultivation by irrigation and by dry-farming methods, the percentage of increase in cultivation in the last three years, the acreage yet available for cultivation by both methods of farming. This information is in minute detail on every valley or plain of 2,000 acres or over.

New Thoughts for the Farm

"THUS the San Diego Exposition will inaugurate a great practical 'back-to-the-land' movement that should result in great good to the entire country. We have devised an entirely new method of conveying information to the homeseeker. A visitor can learn the certain place where crops in which he is interested can be grown, can locate land available for the desired use, learn its proximity to markets, its environment as regards home, educational, and religious advantages. On the model farm and on the demonstration fields at our exposition the men will find exhaustive exhibits of labor-saving machinery in actual use at real farm work throughout the entire year. In the Home Economy building and in the model farm buildings, the women will see in use the aids that modern invention gives to remove drudgery from the farm home.

"The same scheme of animate progressive exhibition has been carried out in every possible department. Ninety-five per cent of our exhibition space is taken now—not by miscellaneous applications of mere advertisers, but taken under contracts, actionable in law, by agents sent out by us to desired exhibitors. No more than two exhibits of a kind are accepted, and our exhibitors include above 600 of the leading industrial concerns of the country. There is a full mile of amusement frontage on the Isthmus, the 'Midway' of our fair, and no concession has been granted to any fair-worn show or for any fake performance. One hundred acres are covered by fifteen general exhibit and main buildings, a like area is given to the county and State and foreign buildings. Landscape gardens and parkings will occupy 200 acres. As much more ground is devoted to citrus and other fruits, orchards, and to model farm and demonstration fields.

A Year of Flowers

"WITH a climate which gives us the full twelve-months growing period, with veritable wildernesses of roses always in bloom and evergreen groves of palms and acacias and eucalyptus and pepper trees, and vines, and flowers, and shrubs in greater variety than can be collected in all seasons from every other part of the United States, with our miles of colonnades grown out of the architectural scheme of Spanish-Moorish designs, and our myriad attractive features of environment—we shall not claim the greatest fair in world history; but for men, women, and children, whether seeking promotion of business, profitable knowledge or variety of entertainment, we will be prepared to present the most complete collection ever yet brought together of Processes that Produce.

"The San Diego Exposition will open at midnight of December 31, 1914, and will remain open day and evening until midnight, December 31, 1915. It will open without debt and with money in the bank."

German Sea Raiders

(Continued from page 11)

and ammunition were hidden on various parts of the island. These hiding places were located and their contents destroyed. That accomplished, the Nürnberg and the collier weighed anchors and steamed away.

Until November 1 the world heard nothing of the Nürnberg. On the night of October 14, however, persons on the island of St. Felix, about 300 miles off the coast of Chile, saw a great flash in the sky. The explosion that caused it was so far away that it was heard only as a rumble. Two days later, however, there were washed up on the beach of the island shattered fragments of what had

been woodwork on a collier. Soft-coal dust was found crammed in the cracks of every two pieces of wood that were joined together.

On November 1 the Nürnberg, with the Scharnhorst, Gneisenau, Bremen, and Leipzig, took part in an engagement with the British fleet under Sir Christopher Cradock off Valparaiso, Chile. The British cruisers Good Hope and Monmouth were sunk in that battle, the first of any consequence between vessels of the same class, and other British warships were damaged. The Admiralty, five days after the battle, announced that Sir Christopher had gone down with the

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is a glass humidor of famous Tuxedo tobacco. Last Christmas thousands of men received this appropriate, delightful, sensible gift—and this year the number will be increased by many thousands. Give *him* a humidor of Tuxedo. It will last him for weeks—in his office or by his fireside—and each cool, mellow, fragrant whiff will recall you to him in pleased and thankful reverie.

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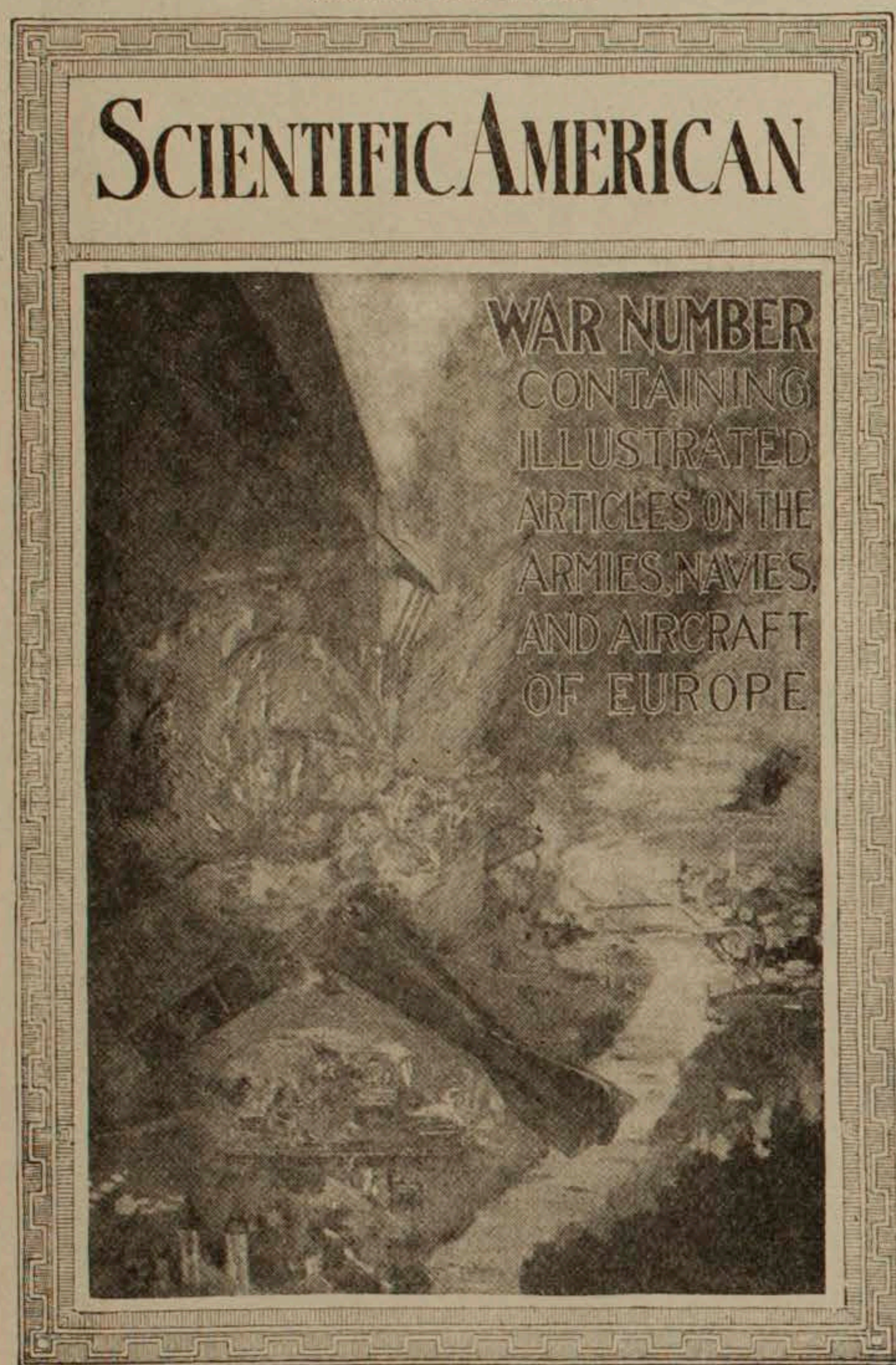


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countries engaged, their comparative strength, armament, signal and telegraph service, medical and ambulance service, etc.

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crew of 900 men and officers on his ship. Approximately a thousand more men were also lost in the engagement. And after it was over the German ships steamed into Valparaiso and coaled. That was the first time since the war started that these vessels had sought a port to take on fuel. Several days later the *Leipzig* accompanied the *Dresden*, which had made her way around Cape Horn from the Atlantic, into Valparaiso. There the *Dresden* coaled.

The other German warships disappeared after they left Valparaiso. Where they went is not known as this is written. It is a safe assumption, however, that the Kaiser's naval strategists, sitting in Berlin three years ago, determined all that.

What Every German Captain Knows

THE British fleet steamed into ambush off the coast of Chile—this is admitted, even by the Admiralty. There is reason to believe that the Germans knew, for two weeks prior to the battle, the exact location of the British ships.

On the war maps of the seven seas given to the commanders of German ships there was a little red cross somewhere between the coast of South America and Easter Island. The exact location of that cross I do not know. But the German ships that engaged the British fleet off Valparaiso gathered there about October 15. They came from all parts of the Pacific.

The German cruisers that have operated in the Atlantic have been handicapped to a certain extent because only three of their base ships succeeded in reaching spots where they could be of any service. Of these one was the *Kronprinz Wilhelm*, which sneaked out of New York at the very beginning of the war, loaded to her utmost capacity with coal. The *Kronprinz* was caught once coaling the cruiser *Karlsruhe*. Soon after that an English cruiser intercepted wireless messages passing between the *Dresden* and the *Kronprinz Wilhelm*.

What has become of the *Kronprinz Wilhelm* since then? She has not been captured. She has not put into any port. Her coal has been taken by warships, and it has been physically impossible for her to reach any port in Germany.

One of two things has happened to this steamer—she has either been sent to some remote spot in the Caribbean Sea or been sunk by a German war vessel to prevent her from being captured. The last conclusion is the more probable. One thing is certain: the *Kronprinz Wilhelm* is of no more use to the German Government.

Raids and Romance

THE *Karlsruhe* and the *Dresden*, operating in the Atlantic, have been fortunate in their campaign against British shipping. All told, they have sunk twelve English ships. But before the German guns opened fire on the captives the coal aboard them was transferred, if needed, to the bunkers of the cruisers. Only once in three months has either one of them put into port. In their activity, the two German ships have burned probably more than twelve times the quantity of coal they can carry.

The cruiser *Emden*, which was termed by the English, who always appreciate daring and valor, "The Terror of the East," was hunted by every English, French, and Japanese ship in the territory in which she operated until the speedy Australian cruiser *Sydney*, on November 9, drove her ashore on the Keeling Islands in the Indian Ocean and destroyed her. None of them, with the exception of those that met destruction at her hands, those she showed her heels to, and the *Sydney*, even saw her smoke. She coaled in no port during all her operations and yet her wake was written in many waters.

The *Emden's* raids were periodical. She struck and made her escape a dozen times. Before she went down she sank twenty-two ships flying flags of the allied nations. Her shells destroyed more than \$5,000,000 worth of shipping. She stopped at no dare-devil exploit. She even disguised herself to carry out her mission of destruction.

How the Emden Coaled

ON September 22 "The Terror of the East" steamed into the harbor of Madras flying a French flag. When she was within range, the flag fluttered down. The German ensign was run up instead and she let go with her batteries at the shore. Some of the shells tore through the great oil tanks and set them afire. The *Emden's* next raid, which was

probably the most spectacular of her career, was made at Penang. There she steamed boldly into the harbor under the protection of the disguise afforded by a Japanese flag and a dummy funnel. She quickly shelled Russian and French torpedo boats, and then hurried out to sea again. The torpedo boats went down.

The *Emden* was enabled to carry out her work by three base ships. One was stationed somewhere near the center of the Indian Ocean. There is reason to believe that the other two were originally stationed away down on the globe, near the northern limit of the flow of ice from the Antarctic. There is probably no more remote spot anywhere on the face of the earth. In times of peace a ship is practically an unknown quantity in that part of the Pacific Ocean.

The *Emden*, like the *Karlsruhe* and the *Dresden*, has, of course, taken some coal and provisions from the merchant ships she has captured. After the *Sydney* met and destroyed her the British Admiralty announced that some weeks prior to that time the *Emden* had been surprised by warships while taking coal from two merchantmen. The *Emden's* superior speed saved her from capture or destruction.

The *Emden* was so well supplied at other times that she did not bother to remove coal or provisions from some of the ships she captured. On one occasion the crew of a British vessel that had been serving as a transport was given fifteen minutes to get off. At the end of that time the *Emden's* guns opened fire on the ship and quickly sent her to the bottom.

Impudent—and Immune

THINK of this: Of all the German war vessels that have been engaged in destroying commerce of the allied nations, only two have met destruction at this writing—nearly four months after war was declared. The vessel destroyed, besides the *Emden*, was the auxiliary cruiser *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse*, which was sent to the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean by the British cruiser *Highflyer*. The engagement took place off the coast of Africa; the *Kaiser Wilhelm der Grosse* was surprised while coaling.

The *Königsberg*, which was in Asiatic waters when the war broke out, and has been active off the east coast of Africa, has been "accounted for" by the British Admiralty. The *Königsberg* is bottled up in the harbor at Mafia Island, on the coast of German East Africa. After sinking two British merchant ships in the Gulf of Aden the *Königsberg* steamed south. She engaged and disabled the British cruiser *Pegasus* in Zanzibar harbor. Then she went to Mafia Island. When she was inside the harbor the British and French blocked the channel. It remains to be seen whether the *Königsberg* can make her escape.

Of course, it is a physical impossibility for the German ships to continue to supply themselves indefinitely from their base ships. And the ammunition the Germans are known to have for years had stored on various uninhabited, out-of-the-way islands in the seven seas cannot last forever. But until their supplies are exhausted or they are surprised at their work by an overwhelming force of the enemies' ships, the Kaiser's sea raiders will continue effectively to prey upon the commerce of the nations allied against the Fatherland.

If the Germans should be successful in capturing one of the enemies' coaling stations (and they have made several attempts in this direction), the war vessels may bring in the base ships that have not been destroyed, have their supplies replenished and then take them off and hide them again. If all the base ships have been exhausted and sent to the bottom of the sea before then, the German war vessels will simply cease to operate. Without coal they would be of no more value to Germany than so many canal boats.

The Terrors of the Sea

IT may be that the Japanese and English war vessels, released from duty before Tsing-tau when the German fortresses there fell, will meet with the inferior force of German commerce destroyers and put an end to their operations. The ships that were before Tsing-tau were dispatched across the Pacific as soon as they could be spared with instructions to hunt down and destroy the German ships.

But until that fleet or some other succeeds in its mission or until the Germans' supplies give out, they undoubtedly will continue to deserve the name officers of the neutral navies have given them—"The Terrors of the Sea."

San Francisco

(Continued from page 15)

"Pied Piper," balancing the continent against his "Old King Cole," in the Knickerbocker bar, in New York). They say it about the Cliff House (with its Sorrento setting, its seals barking on the rocks below, and its hectic turkey-trotting nights), about Tait's, and Solari's, and the Techau, and Frank's, and the Poodle Dog, and Marchand's, and Coppa's, and all the other restaurants; about the private dining rooms (which are a San Francisco specialty), about the pretty girls (which are another specialty), about the clubs (which are still another), about cable cars, taxicabs, flowers, shrimps, crabs, sand dabs (which are fish almost as good as English sole), and about everything else. They use it instead of "if you please," "thank you," "good morning," and "good night." If there are no strangers to say it to, they say it to one another. If you admire a man's wife and children, he will say it, and the same thing occurs if you approve of his new hat.

A Note on Flavors

WHILE in San Francisco, I noted down a number of odd items, some of them unimportant, which, when added together, have much to do with the flavor of the town. Having used the word "flavor," I may as well begin with drinks.

Drinks cut an important figure in San Francisco life, as is natural in a wine-producing country. The merit of the best California wines is not appreciated in the East. Some of them are very good—much better, indeed, than a great deal of the imported wine brought from Europe. I have even tasted a California champagne which compares creditably with the ordinary run of French champagne, though when it comes to special vintages, California has not attained the French level.

When my companion and I were in San Francisco a prohibition wave was threatening. Such a movement in a wine-producing country engenders very strong feeling, and I found, attached to the bills-of-fare in various restaurants, earnest pleas, addressed to voters, to turn out and cast their ballots against the temperance menace.

Of prohibition the town had already had a taste—if one may use the expression. The reform movement had struck the Barbary Coast, the rule, at the time of our visit, being that there should be no dancing where alcoholic drinks were served, and no drinks where there was dancing. This law was enforced and it made the former region of festivity a sad place. Even the sailors and marines sitting about the dance halls, consuming beer substitutes at a dollar a bottle, were melancholy figures, appearing altogether unresponsive to the sirens who surrounded them.

Chinatown, 1914

AS to Chinatown, those who knew it before the fire declare that its charm is gone, but my companion and I found interest in its shops, its printing offices and, most of all, in its telephone exchange.

The San Francisco Telephone Directory has a section devoted to Chinatown, in which the names of Chinese subscribers are printed in both English and Chinese characters. Thus, if I wish to telephone to Boo Gay, Are Too, Chew Chu & Co., Doo Kee, Fat Hoo, the Gee How Tong, Gum Hoo, Hang Far Low, Jew Bark, Joke Key, King Gum, Shee Duck Co., Tin Hop & Co., To To Bete Shy, Too Too Guey, Wee Chun, Wing On & Co., Yet Bun Hung, Yet Ho, Yet You, or Yue Hock, all of whom I find in the directory—if I wish to telephone to them, I can look them up in English and call "China 148," or whatever the number may be. But if a Chinaman who cannot read English wishes to call, he calls by name only, which makes it necessary for operators to remember not merely the name and number of each Chinese subscriber, but to speak English and Chinese—including the nine Chinese provincial dialects.

Mr. Loo's Hello Girls

THE operators are, of course, Chinese girls, and the exchange, which has over a thousand subscribers, representing about a tenth of the population of the Chinese district, is under the management of Mr. Loo Kum Shu, who was born in California and educated at the

Westinghouse Electric

High Grade Apparatus for Every Electrical Purpose



Special List of Electrical Gifts for Christmas

(Send for booklet)

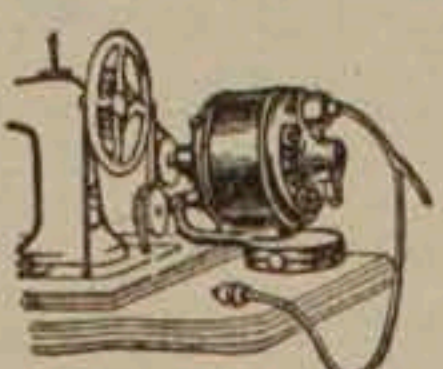
Electric Breakfast Sets:

Cook breakfast at the table in 15 minutes. No. 4266.



General Utility Motor: Unique.

One motor will run sewing machine, polish silverware, sharpen knives and has a dozen other uses. Booklet No. 4219.



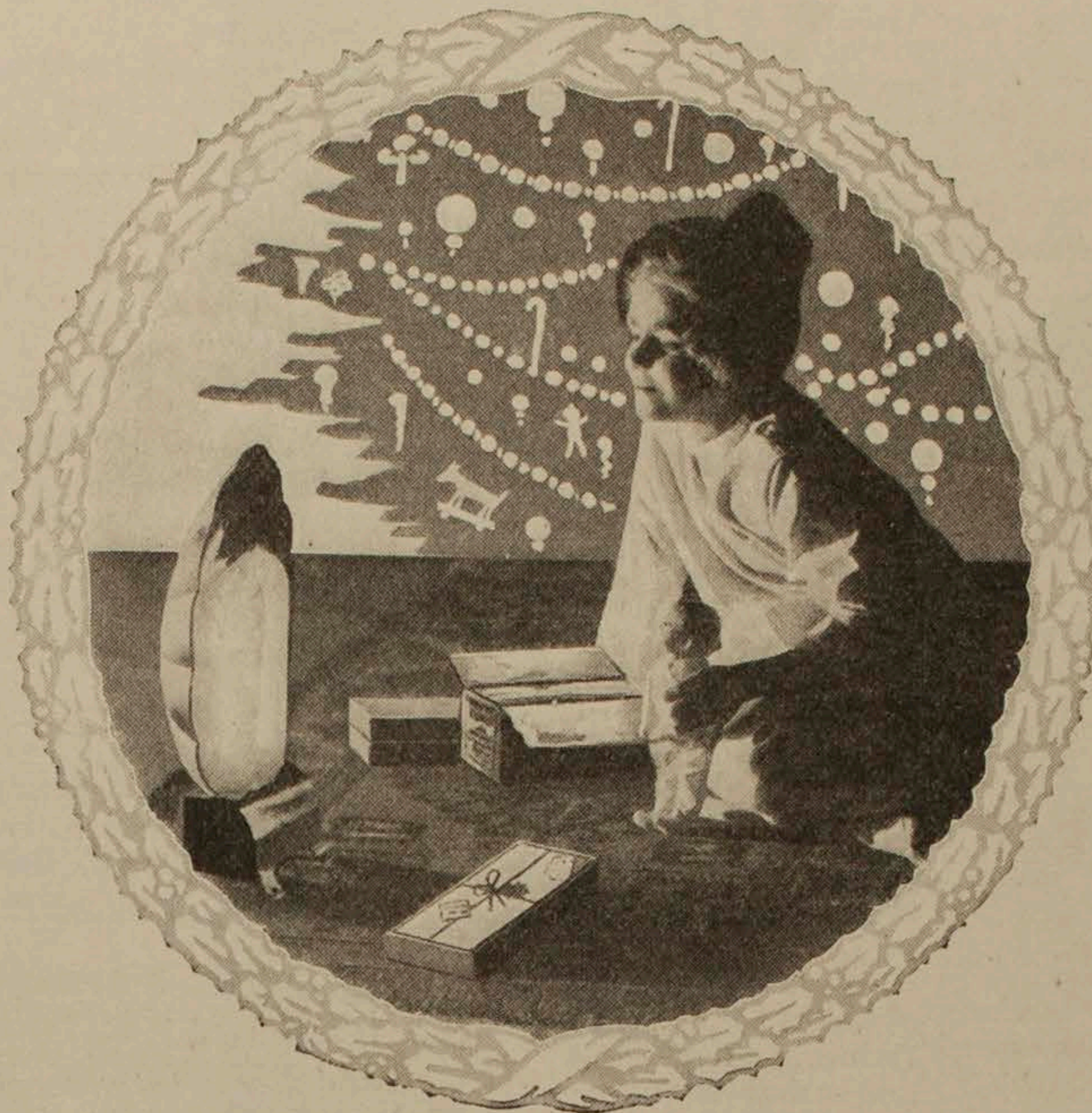
Sewing Machine Motor:

Makes play of sewing. Runs any family machine. Booklet No. 4152.



Electric Irons:

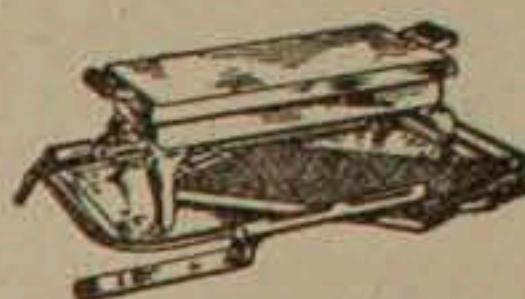
For all household and many other purposes. No. 4281.



Special List of Electrical Gifts for Christmas

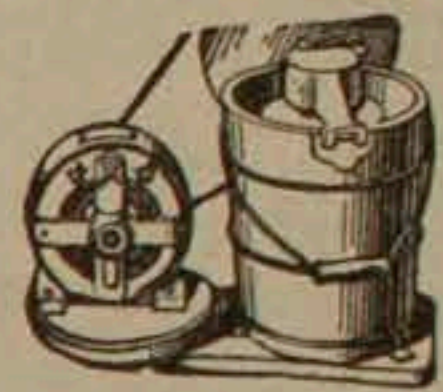
(Send for booklet)

Electric Cooking Devices: Including Toaster-Stoves, Percolators, Chafing Dishes, Samovars, Frying Pans, Milk Warmers, etc. No. 4197.

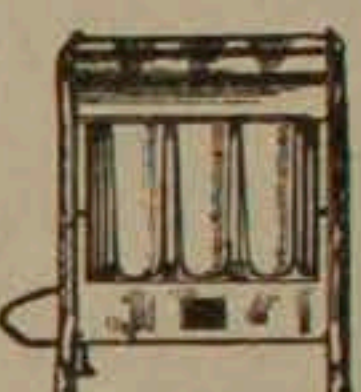


Electric Curling Irons: Hot when wanted. No soot. No fumes. No. 4265.

Small Motors: Great time, labor and money savers in the home, office, store and shop. Booklet No. 4230.



Electric Radiators: Luminous and radiator types. No. 4197.



Heating Pads:

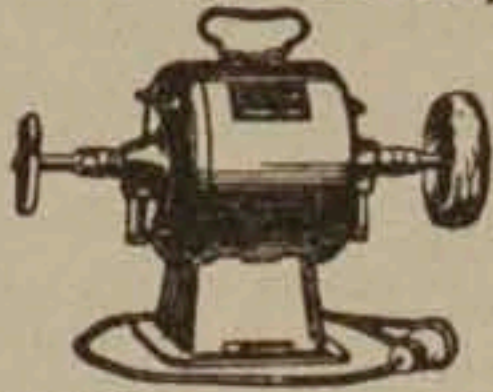
The modern successor of the hot water bottle. No. 4197.

MANY of your friends use electricity for lighting, but some may have missed the many other phases of household helpfulness which comes from the use of such electrical devices as are shown in the above special Christmas list.

These goods may be obtained from your Electric Light Company or from any good electric shop. You will be interested in the catalogs referred to. Send for them.

Below is a further list of Westinghouse Electric catalogs. Send for any in which you are interested. Address Dept. EN.

Polishing and Grinding Motors: For jewelers, opticians, dentists, hotels, machine shops, garages and homes. Booklet No. 4220.



Dental Lathe: Moderate price, of the highest reliability. No. 4257.

Precision Meters: For making electrical measurements of greatest accuracy. No. 4087.

Battery Charging Rectifiers: For charging automobile storage batteries. Type for electric Vehicle Batteries. No. 4201. Vibrating type for ignition batteries. No. 4237. For telephone batteries. No. 4204.

Instrument Sterilizers: For physicians and dentists. Electrically heated. No. 4218.

Switchboards: Standard forms and built to order for all special purposes. No. 1504.

Water Heaters: Heat water in tanks, vats and sterilizers. No. 4240.

Hat Making Machinery: Electrically heated. Easily regulated. No. 1175.

Electric Vehicle Motors: Interesting and useful data for prospective owners of electric pleasure and commercial vehicles. Booklet No. 3223.

Electric Fans: Over 24 different styles and sizes for all purposes. No. 4268.



Arc Lamps: Latest improvement, long burning flame carbon. No. 4258.

Automobile Fittings: Switches, Sockets, Fuse boxes, wire, etc., for equipping automobiles with electric lights. No. 4263.

Small Lighting Generators: One kilowatt-steam-driven generator. Will pro-

vide current for forty 25-watt incandescent lamps. No. 3695.

Electric Linotype Pots: Save time and money in the printing plant. No. 1531.

Candy Factories: Electrically heated chocolate warmers. No. 2476.

Carpenter Shop: Electrically heated glue cookers. No steam or gas piping. Can be easily moved about. No. 4293.

Motor-Driven Eraser: For draughting rooms. Saves time and tracing cloth. No. 4140.

Ventilating Outfits: Pure air for offices, stores, theatres, restaurants, public buildings. Full line described in No. 4256.

Westinghouse Mazda Lamps: Twice the light of old style carbon lamps for less than half the cost of current. Light closely resembles sunlight. All sizes from 2 1/2 to 1000 watts for every kind of service. For literature address Westinghouse Lamp Co., 1261 Broadway, New York.



Automobile Equipment: Electric Starting, Lighting, and Ignition apparatus, meters, vulcanizers and battery charging outfits. No. 4223.

Graphic Meters: For analyzing and checking factory operations. No. 4160.

Tailors' Electric Irons: For every shop use. No. 4190.

Moving Picture Rectifiers: Making alternating current available for direct current arc lamps. No. 4277.

Electric Meters: Accurate instruments to measure current for every purpose. No. 4241.

Ozonizers: Refresh the air, remove odors from bedroom, nursery, kitchen, smoking-room, theatre, office, store and factory. No. 4242.

Electric Meters and How to Read Them: Explaining just what the meter measures. No. 4032.

Portable Meters: For every kind of electrical measurement. No. 1104.

Motor Drive for Various Industries

Publications showing the advantages and economies of motor drive in many industries, data on the proper motors and sizes to use on the various machines, and other useful information, are now ready. In writing for these, please use your business letterhead.

General—How Electric Power Helps Manufacturers.

Motor-Driven Wood Working Machinery:

Westinghouse Electric Motors in Machine Tool Service.

Electrically Operated Clay Working Plants.

Motor-Driven Pumps.

Motor-Driven Dairy, Creamery and Ice Cream Machinery.

Motor-Driven Refrigerating and Ice Making Machinery.

Motor-Driven Printing and Cut-making Machinery.

Motor-Driven Baking and Confectioners' Machinery.

Motor-Driven Laundry Machinery.

Motor-Drive in Paper Mills.

Motor-Driven Shovels.

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Motor-Drive for Worsted and Woolen Looms.

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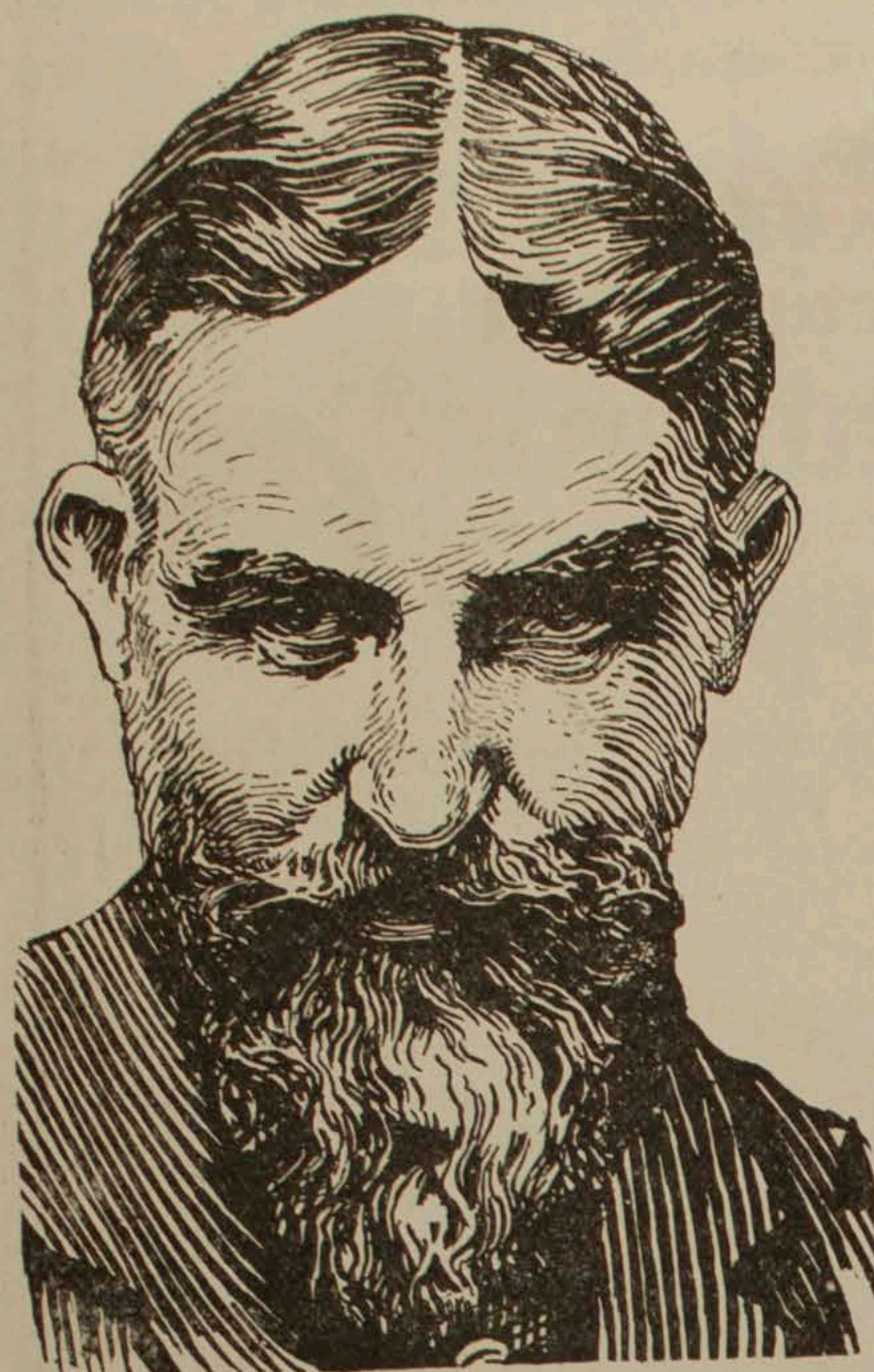
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Mr. Bernard Shaw on Formamint

MANY famous persons have voluntarily given us testimonials to Formamint.

But Mr. Bernard Shaw has paid us the still higher compliment of publicly treating Formamint as "a household word." Writing in the *Christian Commonwealth* (July 3d, 1912), he casually refers to Formamint as a thing universally known and used—which indeed it is—for killing bacteria in the mouth, and so preventing the diseases they cause. Mr. Shaw says—and we quote this "Shavian" utterance with all due apologies:

"When a man . . . puts a Formamint lozenge in his mouth to kill a few thousand bacilli he is trying to wipe out the consequences of old mistakes of creation."

These "mistakes of creation," include the bacilli which give us Sore Throat, Influenza, Diphtheria, Scarlet Fever, Measles, etc.

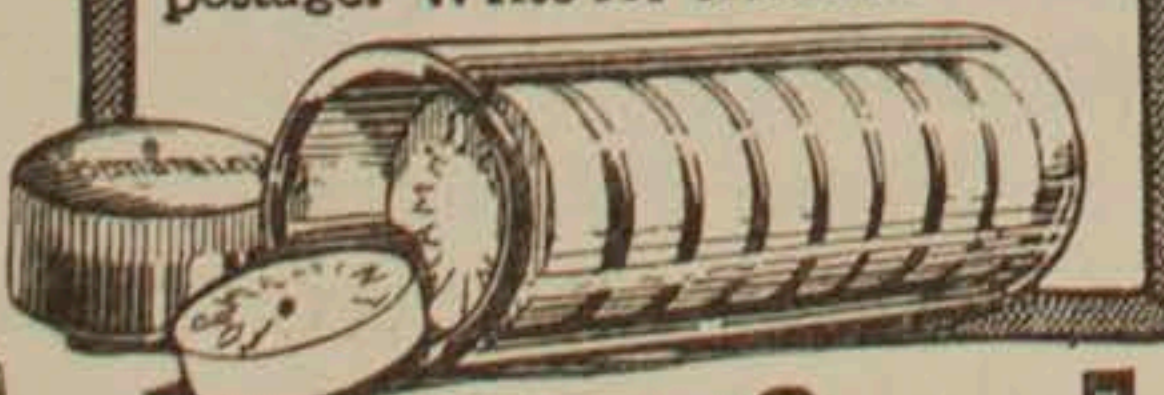
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Formamint is an ideal way to overcome and prevent infection of the throat and mouth.

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So that you may see how effective these pleasant Formamint Tablets are in mouth and throat troubles, we will gladly mail you a generous sample tube on receipt of a 2c stamp to pay postage. Write for it today.



Formamint

THE GERM-KILLING
THROAT TABLET

University of California. His assistant, Mr. Chin Sing, is also a native of the State, and is a graduate of the San Francisco public schools.

For a "soulless corporation" the Pacific Telephone and Telegraph Company has shown a good deal of imagination in constructing and equipping its Chinatown exchange. The building with its gayly decorated pagoda roof and balconies makes a colorful spot in the center of Chinatown. Inside it is elaborately frescoed with dragons and other Chinese designs, while the woodwork is of ebony and gold. The switchboard is carved and is set in a shrine, and this fascinating incongruity, with the operators, all dressed in the richly colored silk costumes of their ancient civilization, poking in plugs, pulling them out, chattering now in English, now in Chinese, teaches one that anachronism may, under some conditions, be altogether charming.

The Boosters

THE Panama-Pacific Exposition will unquestionably be the most beautiful exposition ever held in the world. Its setting is both accessible and lovely, for it has the city upon one side and the bay and the Golden Gate upon the other. Instead of being smooth and white like

those of previous World's Fairs, the buildings have the streaked texture of travertine stone, with a general coloring somewhat warmer than that of travertine. Domes, doorways and other architectural details are rich in soft greens and blues, and the whole group of buildings, viewed from the hills behind, resembles more than anything else a great architectural drawing by Jules Guérin made into a reality. And that, in effect, is what it is, for Guérin has ruled over everything that has to do with color, from the roofs which will have a warm reddish tone, to the mural decorations and the lighting. To the reader who has followed my companion and me in our peregrinations, now drawing to a close, it will be unnecessary to say that by the time we reached the Pacific Coast we believed we had encountered every kind of "booster" that creeps, crawls, walks, crows, cries, bellows, barks, or brays.

In a Few Choice Words

BUT we had not. It remained for the San Francisco Exposition to show us a new specimen, the most amazing, the most appalling, the most unbelievable of all: the booster who talks like a book.

It was on the day before we left for home that we were delivered up to him. We had been keeping late hours, and were tired in a happy, drowsy sort of way, so that the prospect of being wafted through the morning sunshine to the exposition grounds in an open automobile, and cruising about among the buildings without alighting, and without care or worry, was particularly pleasing to us. The automobile came at the appointed hour, and with it the being who was to be our pilot.

We had driven in that automobile but a few minutes, and had heard our guide speak not more than two hundred and fifty or three hundred thousand words, when my first vague feeling turned into a certainty that all was not for the best; and when I caught the eye of my companion and saw that its former drowsy look had given place to one of alarm, I knew he shared my apprehension.

Could You Beat It?

BY the time we reached the fair grounds I had become so perturbed that I hardly knew where we were.

"Stop here," I heard our captor say to the chauffeur.

The car drew up between two glorious terra-cotta palaces. Directly ahead was the blue bay, and beyond it rose Mount Tamalpais in a gray-green haze. Our

custodian arose from his seat, stepped to the front of the tonneau, and, turning, fixed first one of us and then the other with a gaze that seemed to eat its way into our vitals. Through an awful moment of portentous silence we stared back at him like fascinated idiots. He raised one arm and swept it around the horizon. Then, of a sudden, he was off:

"Born a drowsy Spanish hamlet, fed on the intoxicants of man's lust for gold, developed by an adventurous and a baronial agriculture, isolated throughout its turbulent history from the home lands of its diverse peoples, and compelled to the outworking of its own ethical and social standards, the sovereign City of San Francisco has developed within her confines an individuality and a versatility equaled by but few other cities and surpassed by none."

At that point he took a breath and a fresh start:

"It mellowed the sternness of the Puritan and disciplined the dashing Cavalier. It appropriated the unrivaled song and pristine art of the Latin. Every good thing the Anglo-Saxon, Celt, Gaul, Iberian, Teuton, or almond-eyed son of Confucius had to offer it seized upon and made part of its life."

Another breath, and it began again:

"Here is no thralldom of the past, but a trying of all things on their merits, and a searching of every proposal or established institution by the one test: Will it make life happier?"

As he went on I was becoming conscious of an overmastering desire to do something to stop him. I felt that I must interpose to save my reason, so I pointed in the direction of Mount Tamalpais, and cried:

"What is that over there?"

His eyes barely flickered toward the mountain as he answered:

"That is Mount Tamalpais, which may be reached by a journey of nineteen miles by ferry, electric train, and steam railroad. This lofty height rears itself a clean half mile above the sparkling waters of our unrivaled bay. The mountain itself is a domain of delight. From its summit the visitor may see what might be termed the ground plan of the greatest landlocked harbor on the Pacific Ocean, and of the region surrounding it—a region destined to play so large a part in the affairs of men."

"Good God!" I heard my companion ejaculate in an agonized whisper.

It was still going on as we entered the hotel, and from a window we saw that he was sitting alone in the tonneau, talking to himself, as the motor drove away.

"How long will it take you to pack?" my companion asked me.

"About an hour," I said.

"There's a train for New York at two," said he. We moved over to the porter's desk, and were arranging for tickets and reservations when the Exposition official, who had assigned our guide to us, passed through the lobby.

"Did you enjoy your morning?" he inquired. We gazed at him for a moment in silence. Then, in a hoarse voice, I managed to say: "We shall not go out with him this afternoon."

"But he is counting on it," protested the official.

"We shall not go out with him this afternoon!" said my companion in a voice that caused heads to turn.

"Why not?" inquired the other.

I was afraid that my companion might say something rude, so I replied.

"We are going away from here," I declared.

"Oh," said the official, "if you have to leave town, it can't be helped. But if you should stay in San Francisco and refuse to go out with him again, it might hurt his feelings."

"Good!" returned my companion. "We won't go until to-morrow."

The Concluding Chapter of Mr. Street's articles will be entitled
"HOME AGAIN."

Barbara's Marriages

By MAUDE RADFORD WARREN

"Barbara's Marriages" is the latest and the best novel written by Maude Radford Warren. The plot of "Barbara's Marriages" is strikingly modern, while its charm is the everlasting romantic charm that only the born story-teller can weave.

The story is altogether uncommonly original; it is Barbara's story, not her ideas nor anyone else's, that holds the reader and endears the heroine.

It will begin in Collier's
for December 26



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By Julian Street

Pictures by Wallace Morgan

and if you have not read them, you will be happier still. Now is your chance.

We never made a more attractive book—it is a beauty—517 pages of clear type ("talk" on nearly every page—most people like "talk" in a book) and over fifty of the cleverest lot of pictures about America ever made. It contains a great deal which was not in COLLIER'S.

You may not realize it now, but this book is A CLASSIC. It does for the U. S. A. what Mark Twain did for Europe in "The Innocents Abroad." If you use it for your chief Christmas present you will make no mistake. Go to a bookstore and look at it. The price is \$2.50 net, by mail for \$2.62.

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Practical

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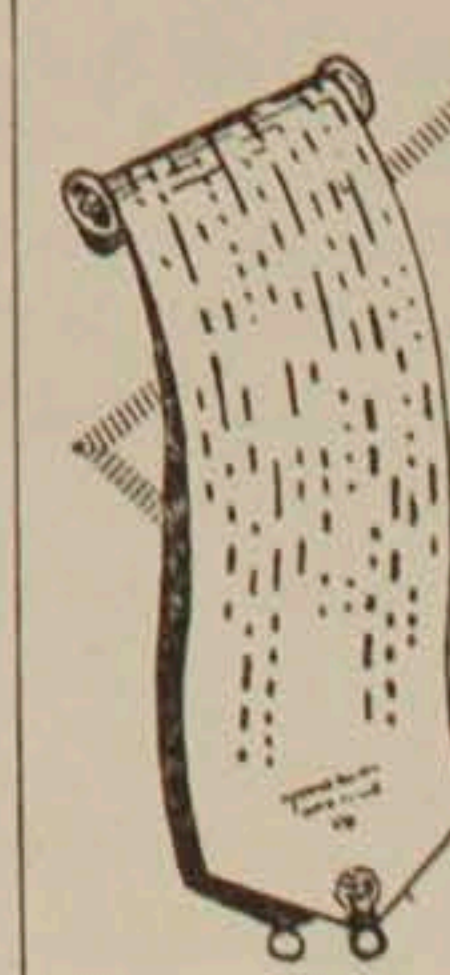
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Safe-Deposit Annie

(Continued from page 9)

neutral in the fight. A worse Grand Jury for his case, indeed, it would be hard to find. The interference of the miners' union in county and local politics had been well timed and had stirred some deep and muddy waters.

"No, I never did."

"What for are they dated from your office and signed with his name, then?" asked a Shea adherent.

"IT'S not our paper." Annie shook her head gently, deprecating such carelessness on anybody's part. "It's the color but not the grain; and it's a lot more expensive quality than we can afford. Look at the watermark. And that was written on a machine like mine, only perfect; mine has lost the topknot of its little aitch. Mr. Tierney never believes in spending the union's money for luxuries when we can get along with something cheaper. So I'm afraid that letter's an expensive imitation of a cheap article. It never went out of the office in my time. Where's the envelope?"

"Yes, where's the envelopes?" said the Tierney jurors blithely to Shea. And after an interval: "There is no envelopes to any of them papers!" This would never do. Lawrence Glidden tried again.

"How old are you?" It was all he could think of, positively! "Old enough to understand the letters you write?"

"I'm over twenty."

"Have you ever written for Tierney any letters concerning elections in this county?"

"I remember one."

"What was it?"

"It was urging some man in Norbeck to vote for the same District Attorney again because he was honest. Afterward I did two hundred of that draft, I think, to different addresses."

"DID you write any others?"

"Well, not whole letters about politics. Sometimes in letters to his friends he'd say: 'How are the Labor Democrats in your town?' or something equal to that."

"Now about money. Did you ever see any spent for politics?"

"No."

"Does the money of the United Mine Workers go through your office? Your hands?"

"All the treasurer's books are kept in duplicate in the office, though he lives at Norbeck in the upper valley. You might send for him. He'll get anything you say."

"Answer my question, please. Do you pay out money?"

"The office expenses we pay out. Nothing else."

"And office expenses covered payment of two dollars to a Westmoor man named Monk for voting the Tierney ticket last fall? You paid that?"

"We did not. There was no such payment; and I never heard of such a man. Send for the judges of election, why don't you, if you want the voters' names down there."

"Yah! Send for them!" jeered the foreman gleefully. For the judges of election were all sound Tierney men. Babel followed. The Grand Jury by this time was like a runaway team with the reins dragging.

SHEA, as complaining witness, took a hand.

"You're under oath. Now, did you ever write, or know him to write, a letter saying he had had a private counting of the ballots after the election at Westmoor?"

"I never," said Annie, carefully literal, "wrote a word about such a thing. Nor I don't know of him doing such a letter himself."

"Was he over in Westmoor election day? Or the evening of it?"

"Not that I know of."

"Was he?"

"He may," Annie admitted, "have the power of being two places at one time; but I'd hate to swear it."

"Do you consider Tierney honest?"

"Yes."

"Would you lie for him?" This was Larry Glidden, a sudden sharp word.

"I see no occasion to, to-day," returned the witness with composure. "Why?" And the Grand Inquest laughed. Prosecutor Glidden lost a few more points.

"Did you yourself pay out any cash for election services? Any kind at all?"

"Thirty cents. I paid it to Vice President Shea's oldest boy to bring my lunch

that day. He was loafing and snooping in the office all that Tuesday, and I was too busy to go out. Anyway, I'd not trust him alone in a business place if I could help it."

"And you never wrote any letters offering money, I suppose?" queried the prosecutor, while the Grand Jury were applauding with their boots.

Shea in his anger intervened. "Are you goin' to marry Tierney?"

The witness opened her great eyes, blushing painfully. "Why, no! I never thought of such a thing. He never asked me. He never thought of asking me. He's not a bit that way."

"Where is he now?"

Annie's mournful, sweet little face turned upon Glidden. "Do you mean what I know? Or what I think? On the train going out of town nine days ago he left me working. And that's the last I know. But what I'm mortal sure of is, he went up to the Portdale mine and went in. He must be dead. You know several rescuers were burned up, at first, so their faces—aren't—" Child fashion, she threw up an arm across her face.

A STAB of pain took Larry. Oh, heart, she wasn't being clever at all. Just real. Women have to serve a cause personified. A tap on the Grand Jury room door relieved everybody. An officer outside opened it.

"Mr. Glidden? My name's Braithe, a reporter," said a ruddy young person. "I've come to tell you I've apprehended your man Tierney. He's out here now. I've turned him over to the sheriff."

Hereupon—quite illegally and by accident—the door blew partly open. In its space was framed a tall figure, obviously Tierney, but wearing green glasses, cotton pads on face, hands, and neck, and an elaborate skull bandage. A carbolic smell preceded him. The Grand Jury gazed and sniffed. To a man they recognized the approved method of bandaging gas burns.

"I found him up at the Portdale. A woman was nursing two burned men and her husband. I suspected something when I caught her buying so much cotton at the drug store and she wouldn't give me her name. Tierney'd saved five men, and he was hiding out for fear of being caught for a hero by the newspapers. First he knew of these warrants was when I told him; he hadn't been reading. So we came right down to the courthouse."

Shea glowered. Annie was proudly radiant; and a glance at her turned Larry sick. The foreman and two Tierney members of the Grand Jury appeared to prance in their chairs. A Shea man stampeded proceedings altogether by shouting:

"The ———— dardevil! Say, he has got all the advertising he needs already, without us finding a true bill!"

IT was four days before the district president appeared at his office. Then on Saturday morning he came. Characteristically, he attended to a long morning's work before mentioning personalities. At twelve he snapped the spring lock on the door.

"Annie, let's talk."

"All right," smiled Miss Doran, getting her papers in neat piles. "There. Those are done. What first?"

"I guess I owe you my election, but I won't go blarneying because I can't thank you enough. Braithe told me about your blocking that 'Townsmen' the Sunday before our locals voted. 'How the devil,' said Braithe, 'did a woman, even with Irish wits in her head, know that the lost-hero stunt was the one thing that would swing your men in spite of ten hundred crimes? You coulda cannibaled a baby!' says he. Annie, you surely do show brains."

The secretary flushed. "It seemed the only thing to do," she explained.

"And how many lies did you have to tell for me under oath?" the president growled at her with sudden bitterness. "By Gad, that was a shame! Soon's I get rid of this cheesecloth and vaseline, I'm going to mention to that Larry Glidden just what kind of a insect he is! And to think it was me recommended him to Old Specs! D'you know, I actually thought he was in love with you and hadn't practice enough to get married on!"

Surprise Her With This Practical Gift For the Home

When you've trimmed the tree and filled the stockings, and good old St. Nick is about due by the chimney route, why not play Santa Claus yourself to your tired wife? Get this wonderful little vacuum cleaner and roll it into the room. Your wife will be delighted, for no other gift can ease her home duties like a

Western Electric Vacuum Cleaner

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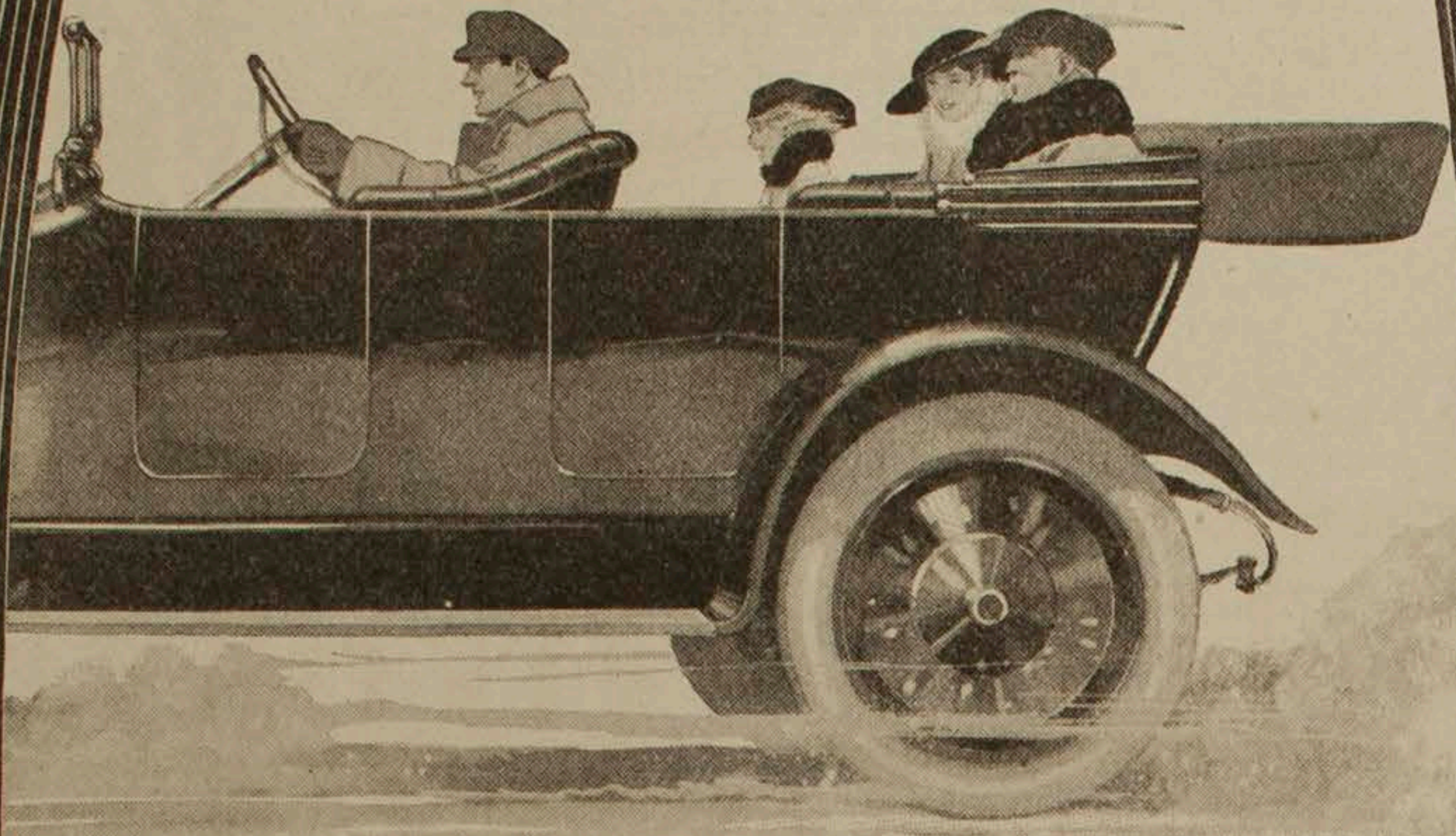
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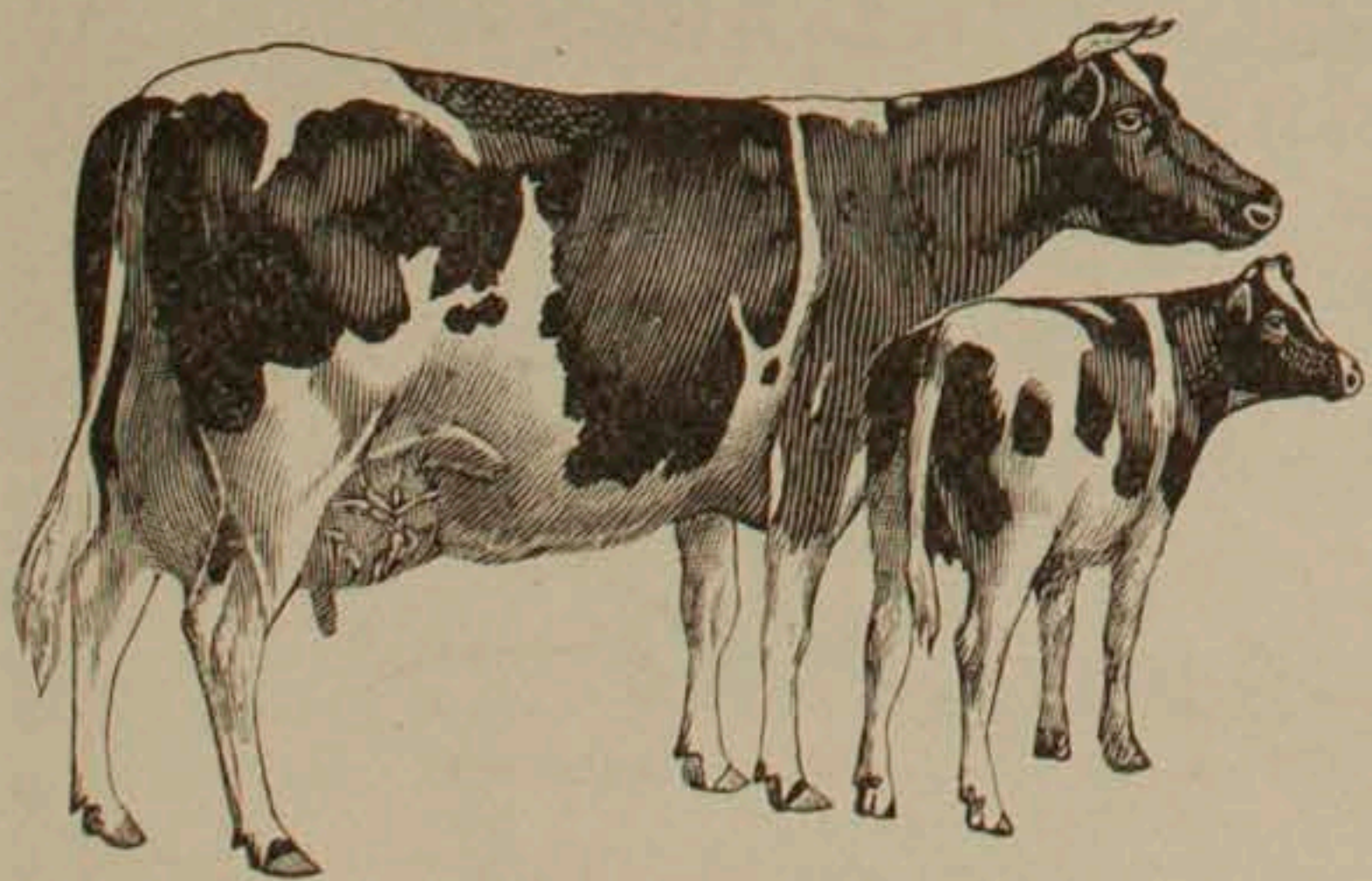
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"In words, I didn't tell any. In meanings, I told just one. But I had to. Don't let's talk about it."

TIERNEY thrust the fingers of his newly healed hands in his pockets gingerly and stood in an attitude of thought, looking over the roofs.

"Bless your decent little heart!" he said thickly. "Safe-Deposit Annie! And never a thought did you let them turn on the Country Club business at last and all."

"Why, no. But the longer it goes, the worse it'll be. If that chauffeur—"

"No danger—seeing it was the man that owns this building—you know who—running his own car. They dealt fair with me. There! I've told you what I wouldn't tell another soul on earth."

"Oh!" Annie gasped.

It was sheer surprise; but in the full moment of silence following, Tierney interpreted it as something else. He strode forward into the room. His eyes, lined, deepset, and brilliant, stared compellingly into the girl's from beneath the grotesque black skull bandage which his burns made necessary.

"Look me right in the face! You! Just—because—they're rich, do you mean you dare suspect me of going up there to—sell—out—my—men? You? Oh, of all people!"

Behind her narrow table Annie sprang to her feet. The tears which the district president had boasted his stenographer could not shed rushed to her eyes. Her pretty hands reached out in a gesture pitiful for its very simplicity.

"No, no, no! I never thought of such a thing!" she cried in a passion of loyalty. "Never! Oh, don't look like that! Why, Mr. Tierney, I know you're the squarest man in the world! That's why I've always been so proud to stick up for you."

TWO weeks of house-bound illness upset a man's poise. Tierney took the childish hands and bowed his head and rested his scarred cheeks an instant in their palms. Then he drew back.

"You darling, I'm glad. Sit down. I can't tell you all of what went on up there that night. I will a little." He made some nervous steps back and forth the length of the rug. "By the Lord, that fellow's a man!"

"Then d-d-don't tell me."

"He asked me straight, and I talked straight business to him; and I will to you. I did monkey with that election in Westmoor. City and county ticket both. It was a pretty raw deal. I did it, and I'd do it again."

"It's always been your weakest local," put in Annie, still weeping. "The independent coal company, for a wonder, pays the men a little higher wages, and they're old-fashioned and won't support much of a union. I guess you had to mix in, Mr. Tierney. You had to get the men; and politics was the best way."

"Thanks to you and luck and Shea's being a natural fool, I'm out of it safe. But I'm that kind of a man."

Annie had no comment.

"It's not abstract justice I'm after so much as it is to come to the top and boss. And the human mint was onto that. 'You're Irish,' says he to me, looking me right in the eye, 'and you'd rather be a good citizen than not; but you'd never let the Constitution stand between friends. Is that it?' And I looked him right in the eye too, and said, 'Just so.'"

"I GUESS you're nobler than you make out."

"Then he rubbed his chin with his thumb, looking at me with his X-ray glare you see in his pictures. 'Your union is poor,' he said to me, 'and your political business takes cash. It's dirty money!' And he was very offhand as if it didn't matter much to him either way. 'Yes,' says I. 'Every politician in Pennsylvania handles some dirty money. Every labor leader that goes into politics in the United States has to do it on dirty money. Mine was mostly beer. D'you think we're the Red Cross?' And he looked at me a minute and said, 'I expected you to lie. Have a cigar, won't you?' and got out his case."

"Was it solid gold and emeralds?" inquired the girl. She had a wistful love of precious stones, much like the far desire that children bear the fairies. "With a blood ruby? Those people can afford anything."

"No, leather. The whole principle's wrong. And yet we've got a-going so in

this country that a man like me has to use the customary ways, if he gets anywhere. And I want to get to the top."

"It's for the cause," Annie said gravely. "Cause! That's second place. What I'm really serving, I shouldn't wonder, is the Big Me. I'd rather come up clean if I could. If I can't, I'll do it dirty. But I want to get up!"

"Labor needs you."

THE man flinched under the sweet sincerity of Annie's voice uttering the cant phrase. "He said to me, 'The better sort of labor leaders get dyspepsia of the conscience. They've got up as high as they can, and they don't want to slump, and that's why they're thankful to be kicked up into a government job. Don't you do that, Tierney. Fight! Fight for your men. Whilst you live, damn your conscience and stick!' And we shook hands on it, seems to me."

"Then just what," asked Annie, exceedingly puzzled by this masculine brooding, "are you worrying about? What makes you tell me all this that I can't help?"

"Because women have a sense of right and wrong. Because you think it's practical to act just on that: you think I do act on it. Because you're a square, sensible kid and you've been more than white with me, every hour. It's right you should know I was that kind of a man first. And that I mean to keep on."

"First? First to what?"

"I want you to marry me. Will you?"

"Mis-ter Tier-ney!"

"Can't you?"

"Why— Why— What makes you say that?"

"Because I want you to. I've been thinking it over all this time I was sick. I don't believe it ever came into your head till just now."

"That's all you know about it. But if you're off with that Glidden pup and I give my mind to ways of standing in with you, don't you think you might begin to care, too?"

Annie twisted her wet handkerchief. He was so much a man, and he looked so dreadfully ridiculous in all those bandages, that a pang checked her refusal.

"Oh, dear me! I don't mean to ever marry anybody!"

"I don't believe that. With me you won't ever be rich. But we'd have an interesting life, you bet."

HIS eyes were on hers; they woke a sudden answering madness of foreknowledge, of zest to share his potent fighting world. Almost in spite of herself she nodded. "I'd have to keep you on at the office, even if you said yes to-day. I've got so used to relying on your work, 'twould take me a few weeks to pick up all the threads. Afterward you could choose for yourself about quitting."

"I won't miss the office a single day!" cried she, in the hot grip of that emotion.

"Yes, you will, too," Tierney answered under his breath. "That's all you know about me, is it? . . . A few days, anyhow. Just at first. For you've got to take into account that after the very second we get the license I'll be feeling about nine feet tall."

"That's nonsense," said she, very red. She played with a pencil to hide the trembling of her fingers that came of leaping pulses. "I'm not sure we ever will get one. Don't talk that way. You only know me as part of the work. That's what we have in common."

"Is it? Well, that's a good saying for the job! As regards business, you're rated as a double-A-plus secretary. Concerning me that you work for, you're just a blind little fool girl that I can teach a lot to. You've got plenty to learn about loving, if you do know the coal business, Annie. However— To keep it just to the job for the present, as I was saying, we'd fight our way up among the big ones, you and me. We'd know the real inside track of lots of movements and issues, and see the news of the whole United States a-hatchin' sometimes. We wouldn't have more'n a slim living, but we'd have power, and we'd know folks that had power. I can make good, I guess. I've thought it over, and I'm betting on myself to win. As for the big conventions, I think it would be real good fun to appear at them with my wife."

HE spoke with studied quiet, and placed himself in the squeaky swivel chair behind his own desk; yet his calm had a compelling magnetism.

There was a long silence—to Annie a rather pleasing, soothing, healing silence.

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She felt herself drifting, dreaming. Of course she was still heartachy; she had been that ever since Larry sent back her note, two weeks ago to-day; but it was somehow very much to the point, as consolation, that Mr. Tierney was an important person whom everyone trusted who served the cause.

"Time to eat something, isn't it?" he said at last. "Let's shut up the shop, for once, and go together to Peckham's. I'll pretend it's an engagement dinner like the stylish people have, and you can pretend it isn't, and everybody'll be suited. Get your coat."

SHE rose, laughing. "I am hungry," she admitted in naive wonder, as she made ready. "But how you do mix up a person's thoughts! Here, mind that arm-hole, or you'll skin your hand again! Let me— Now my hat—"

He stood, shoulders flat, against the door panels when she turned. Annie met his eyes. In them was that look that any woman reads—entreaty, worship, rapture, and hidden fire.

"Let's have solid silver forks three times a day," he suggested whimsically. "I could manage that much luxury."

"At Peckham's?" cried Annie, stupefied. "Oh, no."

She risked another upward glance. Mercy, those eyes were more so! And there was a queer look about his mouth, and an air of ownership, of— Was he going to—actually going to kiss her? Oh, terrors! He was. He would; unless he could be headed off in time.

"Will I do?" she enunciated with difficulty, her whole being in panic. "This is my old suit."

"You?" He touched her on the shoulder to flick off a scrap of paper. Poor Annie shrank. They stood facing each other a minute, his hand outstretched.

"Oh, Matt, no!"

"Don't be scared. I won't. I won't. I'm a fool not to, I know I am; but I won't. There, brace up, Annie. Why, my dear little kid, d'you—"

With both hands he opened the door, bowing as she went out. "You'll do at a great deal sweller places than Peckham's." He followed her into the hall.

"Oh, thank you!" she breathed.

HE shook his head with a wry smile, though his lips were pale. "This is once I don't doctor the election sheets; remember that, you. And I know I could easy. You're just a kid no man's taught anything to; and, God knows I want you! But you'll choose. See? I say you shall choose!"

"And how will I be able to if you look at me fit to break my heart?" flung back Annie, recovering her spirit. "You just back—and those burns, and all. Isn't it my own business, anyway, about marrying?"

"I've told you I intend to make it mine. However, I'm all right. Don't you fret. I want you to have a good time. Here's the elevator. Ten of one now. We'll be in nice season for the music."

It took them an hour, that one-sided engagement dinner party. They sat at a round table behind a bay tree away from other people. And Tierney talked. Very different he was from the matter-of-course employer of busy days; the charm of him was like the comethers she had seen him put on a recalcitrant convention. The matter of his words no convention had ever heard—living truth, all of it, whether grave or gay. It was good talk; even Annie, young and raw, knew that. Her brain hummed to its stimulus as with a genial wine.

Snow was beginning to fall when she and Tierney came out of the restaurant into the windy street.

"Go on up to the office alone; you won't mind, will you? I have to see a man."

AT twenty a girl's fancy plays easily with futures. Life, Annie had begun to think, might be very bearable with Tierney—even warm with glamour—after one had had a decent interval to forget some one else in. Then one would be very safe marrying a man one could so rely on. And he'd been so kind, too—generous, you might almost call it—in that minute there by the office door. Tonight after working hours, perhaps, a person might safely be a little kinder, if he—

"You mustn't stand around in the wind," said she. "You'll get cold in those hurts of yours. Turn up your collar."

"Oh—me! They're most well now. For the present, good-by."

"I enjoyed the dinner. But you must take care of yourself better for—"

"For the cause, I suppose," said the district president, lifting his hat. He strode rapidly around a corner, and Annie returned to the office.

"He's a blamed egg noodle," grunted Matthew Tierney, hurrying against the snow. "But it gets my goat to win on a man when his back's turned. Management—well, I don't want to do it by management. She knows me. I can do things. And he never will. He's soft. I want her. But I can do without her if I have to. Let her choose." He turned in at an office building largely used by lawyers and read the hall board.

"An egg noodle," he stated solemnly to the elevator boy, "resides in 40."

"Oh, he ain't hit the free-lunch limit yet," responded that youth, not to be outdone in delicate symbolism. "He's on the toboggan, Larry is, ever since the Grand Jury summonsized his girl. She t'roo him for it. But he ain't quite got down to noodles. Third room to your left." He concluded with a bang of the elevator door.

Tierney strode to Room 40, knocked, heard some kind of response, and entered.

YOUNG Glidden, three-quarters drunk, sat at the table. A siphon was on the floor by him, a cheap decanter half hidden behind a book rest. He looked up sullenly and nodded. "Well?"

"Nothing. I didn't know you were boozing to this degree. I've no errand now."

"Yes, you have," the other answered with owlish dignity. "Spit it out! Spit it right out. Little hero, everybody knows you're a crook! How do you manage to pull it off time after time? I know it, but I can't prove it. But she'll stick." Tierney slammed shut the door. "Did you call my secretary before the Grand Jury to be insulted?"

"I didn't! I wouldn't, for my heart's blood! It was that bu—beastly Carty of yours! He did it to knife Shea. They all got away from me. My soul, and I had to sit and take everything! Everything! I never tried to run a Grand Jury before!" Here the youth wept.

THE district president stood in the middle of the floor, scornfully considering him. "Safe-Deposit Annie! Oh, she'll stick! Worships you. . . Perfect little tin idol you are. And your merry cause! Oh, what's causes to a woman? It's the man, every time. I thought it was me. Come to find out it's you."

"I came here to-day to give you my office key and a chance. I don't care how soon you turn into bottled goods over on Tomb Hill, but for all I know Annie Doran may. If you'd been fit, I'd 'a' sent you up there right now and you'd not have been interrupted for an hour. She's there. You'd have had your fair show."

"You don't know a thing about it!" wailed the besotted youth. "You ain't educated. And I was. I was a bright young lawyer only a few short weeks ago. I had a future. Say, I had!"

"Here's where you get yours, right now!" snapped the labor leader, catching the telephone from the table. "I'm going to call her up and tell her how you look, you sickly crow! Main 22L, please. Say, are you sober enough to know what I'm doing? Eh? Hello! Hello, Annie! This is Tierney. Yes, listen, please."

"It don't matter what you do!" moaned the shapeless figure at the table. "I was in hell anyway."

"I heard it was Shea and Carty got you before the Grand Jury, not Glidden. I'm over in his office; came to see. It wasn't his fault. What?"

"Didn't you ever hit the juice yourself, li'l hero?"

"Oh, he's tanked. If he'd been right, I'd have sent him over. Oh, I dunno just what for, exactly. A feeling. Something bearing on that scheme of mine with the solid silver forks. . . No. Oh, no, not at all. But it didn't suit me to sneak up my ante and call when one of the players had got up for a minute from the table. A kind of luxury of my own, maybe you'd class it."

"NO, he can't come to the phone! I told you, he's tanked. Plastered. O Lord, no, you haven't the least idea; you've never interviewed one like him. It isn't merely a breath on him. He's been at it for days. No, I certainly shan't. They ain't responsible for themselves when they're like that."

"No, sir, I've no patience with that kind. It's deliberate. They can help it,

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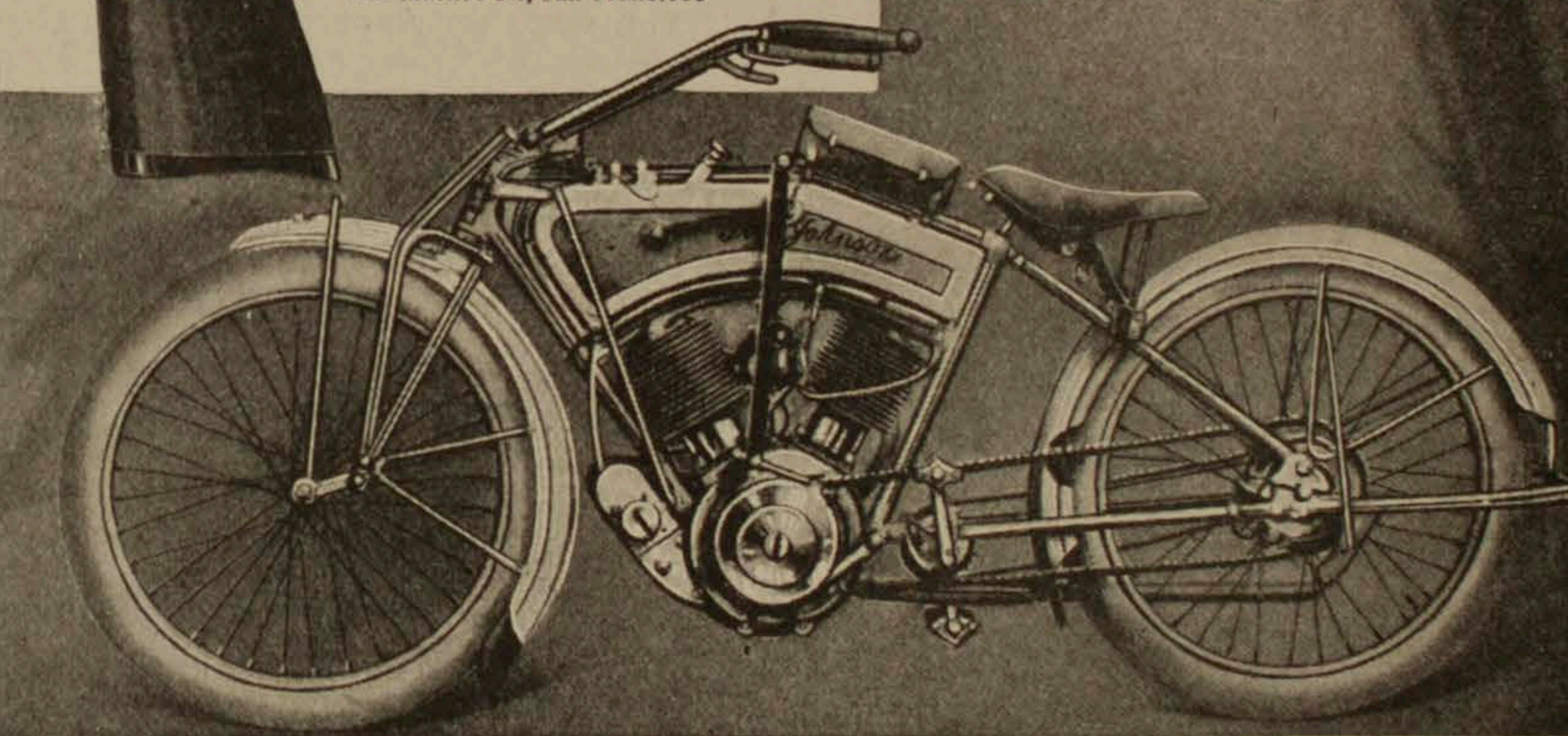
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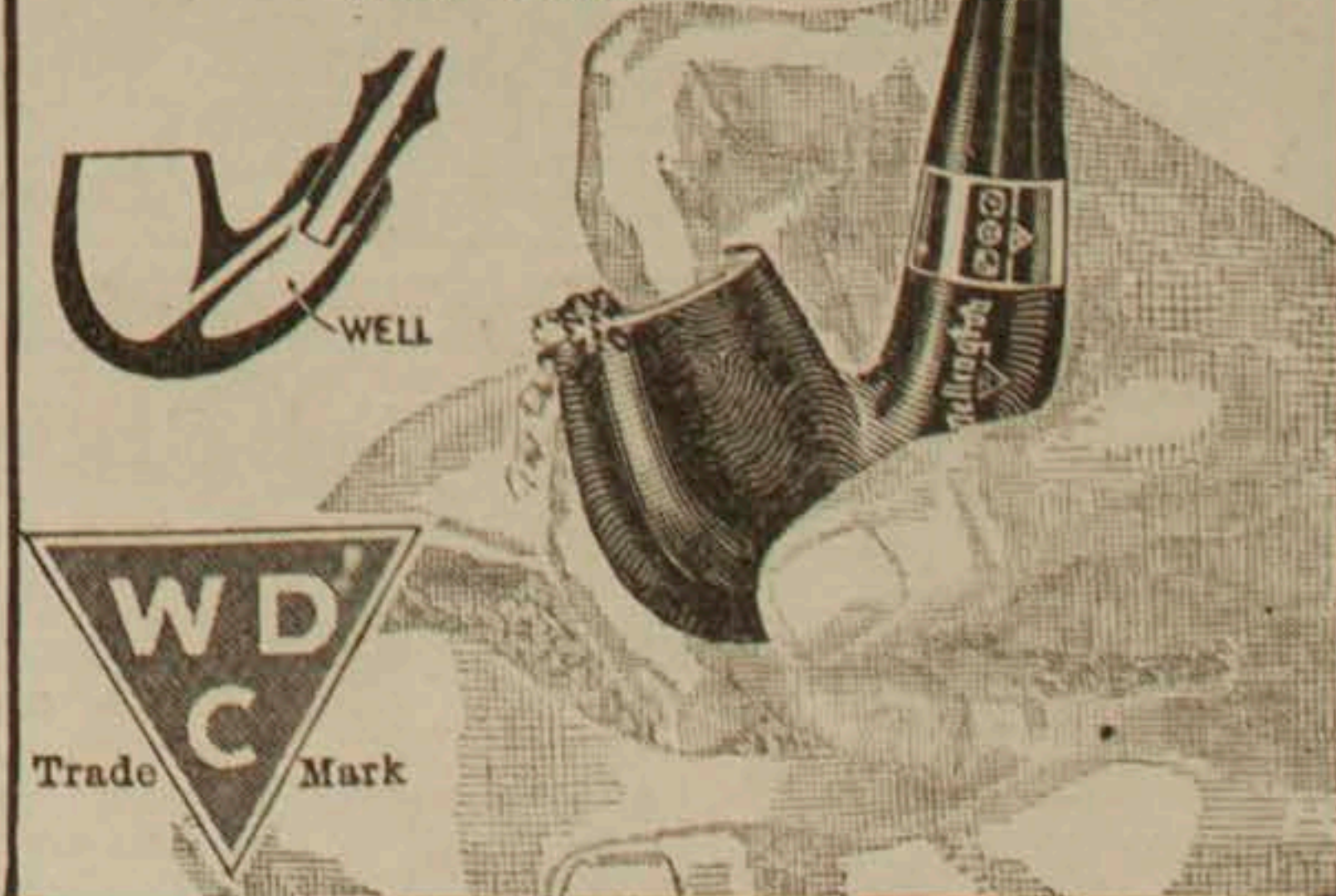
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too! I don't like to hear you talk as if a man was nothing but a helpless drain-pipe to a washtub. It's his business to have sense."

"Saved from 'emselfes!—"

"What did I mean by calling you up if not for that? Great thunder, Annie, I certainly didn't!"

IN his vehement denial, Tierney gesticulated with the transmitter. And to both men Annie Doran's plea came audibly: "Oh, give him some business! You can straighten him up!"

Tierney looked at the haggard youth: he had heard and understood. Still holding the instrument out, so that the answers came share and share alike between them, he spoke on: "He's too drunk to hear you or understand what I say. Do you really want me to do that, Annie?"

"I want it most of anything in the world!" said the ghost voice.

"That's a bad hearing for me, isn't it? Do you mean you care about him? That it's a hopeless case for you? Because he looks to me like a pretty bad prospect, my girl."

"But I love him!" said the ghost voice clearly. "I guess he needs me so, Mr. Tierney, that it just gave me the finishing touch. I didn't at all, this morning. I don't understand, but it's so."

The Master of Lumberhurst

(Continued from page 10)

man and wife—the silks and laces and carriages and servants I would have."

"You were good-looking in those days, Mary."

"So you used to tell me!"

She seemed pleased with the reminiscence, poor thing; but miserably enough she went on, telling in the piteously raw way of common and simple-hearted folk of her disastrous love affair. Vanani had promised to marry her in Providence, and failed to keep his word. "When I got there"—she was sobbing now—"I found he never had any notion of making me his wife. And as for his riches, it was just a cruel joke. I think he was some sort of a cheap gambler, for he often stayed out all night and slept in the daytime. Soon he deserted me."

"You were only seventeen," said Giles.

"Almost eighteen," sighed Mary, declaring that she had been too proud to go home or write for help. But her face was still admired, she went on, with a touch of her late childish vanity, and probably she might have found a place behind a counter in one of the big stores. Well, anyway, she read in a paper that chorus girls were wanted in a burlesque company, and applied for a position. The manager was real nice, and she was with the company for three seasons, barn-storming. Those burlesque people were a tough lot, and Mary had been lonely, so lonely—and the leading man of the company had asked her to marry him. "Giles"—she broke off, holding him with tragic eyes. "Giles, he deceived me, too."

MARY bared her soul with a touching simplicity, and Giles Hudders listened believingly, getting in a kindly word every now and then as to his not being able to throw stones. She had kept on with theatre work, she told him finally, taking little parts when she could get them, supping in big spectacles, sewing with the wardrobe women, serving as dresser to luckier actresses than herself. Now she was out of a job, and rooming with a she devil named Zabriskie on Rivington Street. "She's a tartar, I can tell you," concluded Mary.

"I've met 'em," said Giles. Now he could understand her paint and powder and the careless manner in which she had first addressed him. Poor girl, no wonder she had clung to the footlights. . . .

"My mother is in her grave," resumed Mary, "and father is an old man. He has retired from the grocery business and is comfortably fixed. I write to him sometimes. He thinks I'm living on Fifth Avenue and am rolling in wealth. There, Giles, you know all my shames and miseries; and I wouldn't blame you if you took to your heels at once."

Giles laughed, giving her hand a squeeze.

"I'm not that kind of a friend, Mary. And as for feeling yourself an outcast I can go you a few better. Since I quit Cranberryport—I left the week after you ran away—my life has been pretty rough up to eight months ago. I've been a sot, and I've been in jail. But what's the use of telling? I'm a better man now

The two men faced each other across the table. Something like sanity came to Larry Glidden.

"Put it up!" he whispered. "Put it up! I'm not fit to hear. It's her voice."

"I suppose," said the district president easily and conversationally to the telephone receiver, "that I could swing him some labor business, if I tried. Court sits in January; and the ironworkers have some trouble on. I suppose it wouldn't be hard to persuade folks that he let the case slide with the Grand Jury because he didn't want me indicted. Friend to labor. Sounds better'n fizzle, which it was. He'll be sober by January. Do you want me to?"

TIERNEY put the instrument to his ear and heard the rest alone.

Quietly he set the machine on the table and looked at the other.

"It's up to you," he said. "You appear to me to be a lost cause; but she's true. Don't you come round my office this week, though. I hate a fool. I might drop you out the tenth-story window and kill a good citizen passing in the street."

The cheap decanter levitated itself magically into the washbowl. Tierney went out and shut the door. Larry Glidden was left alone with the telephone and the soda siphon to work out his salvation.

—and, with the Lord's help, I mean to be a still better one."

"That's noble," sighed Mary.

"You can be the same—just as good and refined as you ever were," retorted Giles. There were bigger tears in her dark eyes as she spoke.

"Don't say that, Giles; it hurts."

"Land o' codfish! how can it?" he asked in amazement.

"It brings up such sad memories," said Mary. "And I've lost my courage."

"Never too late to find it again as Billy Bagley used to say," Giles flung back. "You remember Billy?—the fellow whose head was so bald you couldn't tell where his face began."

"You're talking foolishness," returned Mary, her tone deeply mournful.

"And so are you. Why, not long ago I felt just the same way—about being too low to get up again. But you remember what the poet says:

*I held it truth, with him who sings
To one clear harp in divers tones,
That men may rise on stepping stones
Of their dead selves to higher things.*

"And so can women. One of my troubles was that I didn't mix with the right folks. Luck sneaked my way at last; a kind act done me at a moment of bitter need put me on a new track. Now you need a kind friend and I mean to be that friend. Will you marry me, Mary?" Again she began to sob. "Oh, Giles, how can you mock me so! You wouldn't marry me!"

"I was never so serious in my life. Forget the old troubles, my dear. You are going to be the Mary of bygone days—and my bride. Right away, too."

"But my clothes and my trunk," she protested. "Madame Zabriskie won't let me have them—I'm in debt to her. I've got some trinkets and keepsakes I'd hate to lose. Among them is a copy of 'Snow Bound' you gave me one Christmas."

"Is that so," said Giles, flattered.

"But where will you take me? You don't mean to say you can support me?"

"Sure I can. Why, Mary, I have a charming villa called Lumberhurst by the River. Believe me, you'll like it."

"Quit your joshing."

"Honor bright," laughed Giles. "My chateau is of the antique sort—without bathrooms and such luxuries; but you'll find it a better home than that Zabriskie woman's. Don't worry about your trunk; I'll get it some time."

It did not require any more urging to persuade Mary to assent. The next day a license and a Methodist preacher on Twenty-first Street made them one, and after the ceremony the bridal couple walked home as doubtless some of their hardy Cape Cod ancestors had done. As they entered the lumberyard a fear possessed Mary. Was Giles taking her to some dark spot to revenge himself for the wrong she had done him? Would she be found with her throat cut, and Giles gone? But this gruesome boding was dispelled by her husband's happy mood.

"This is Cedar Street," he explained

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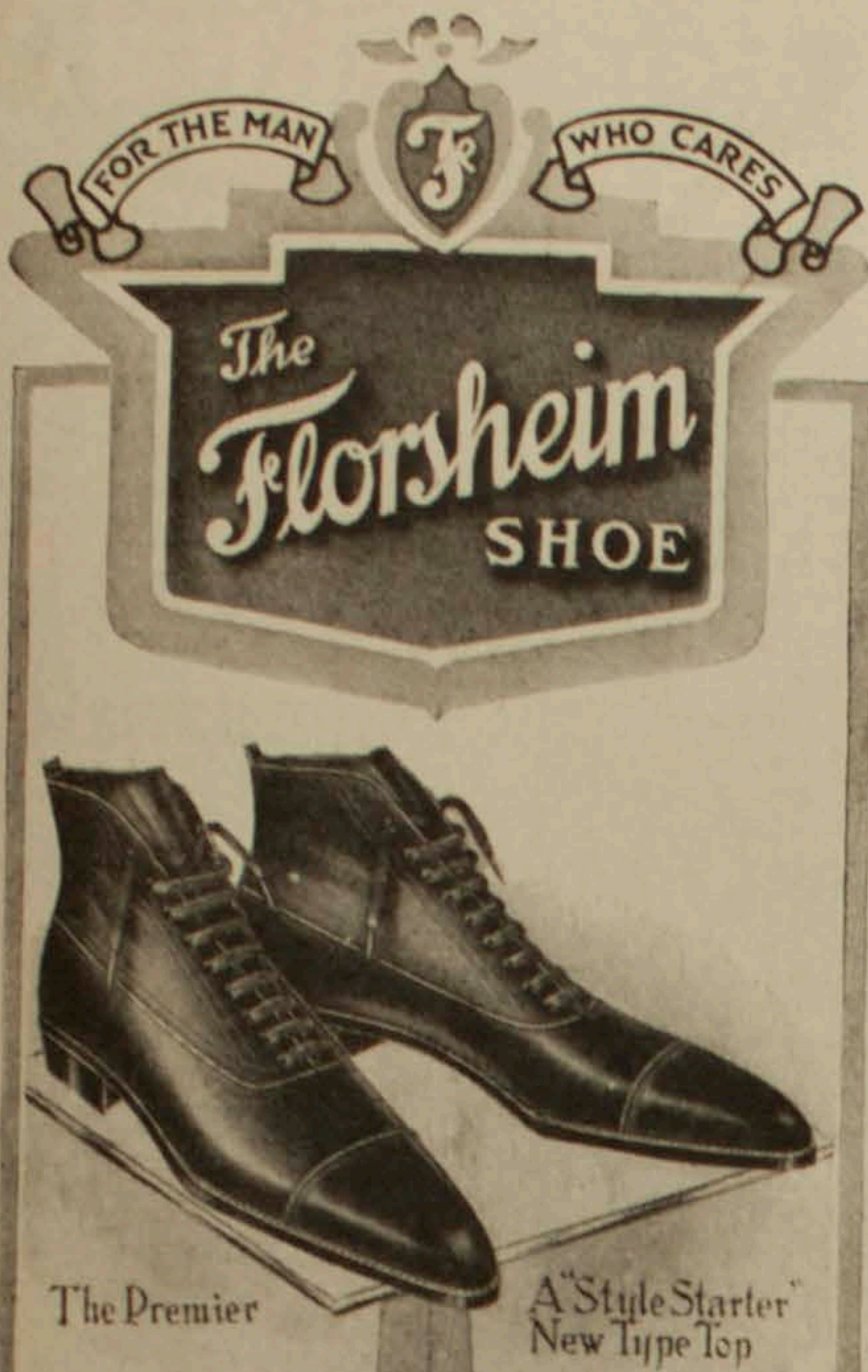
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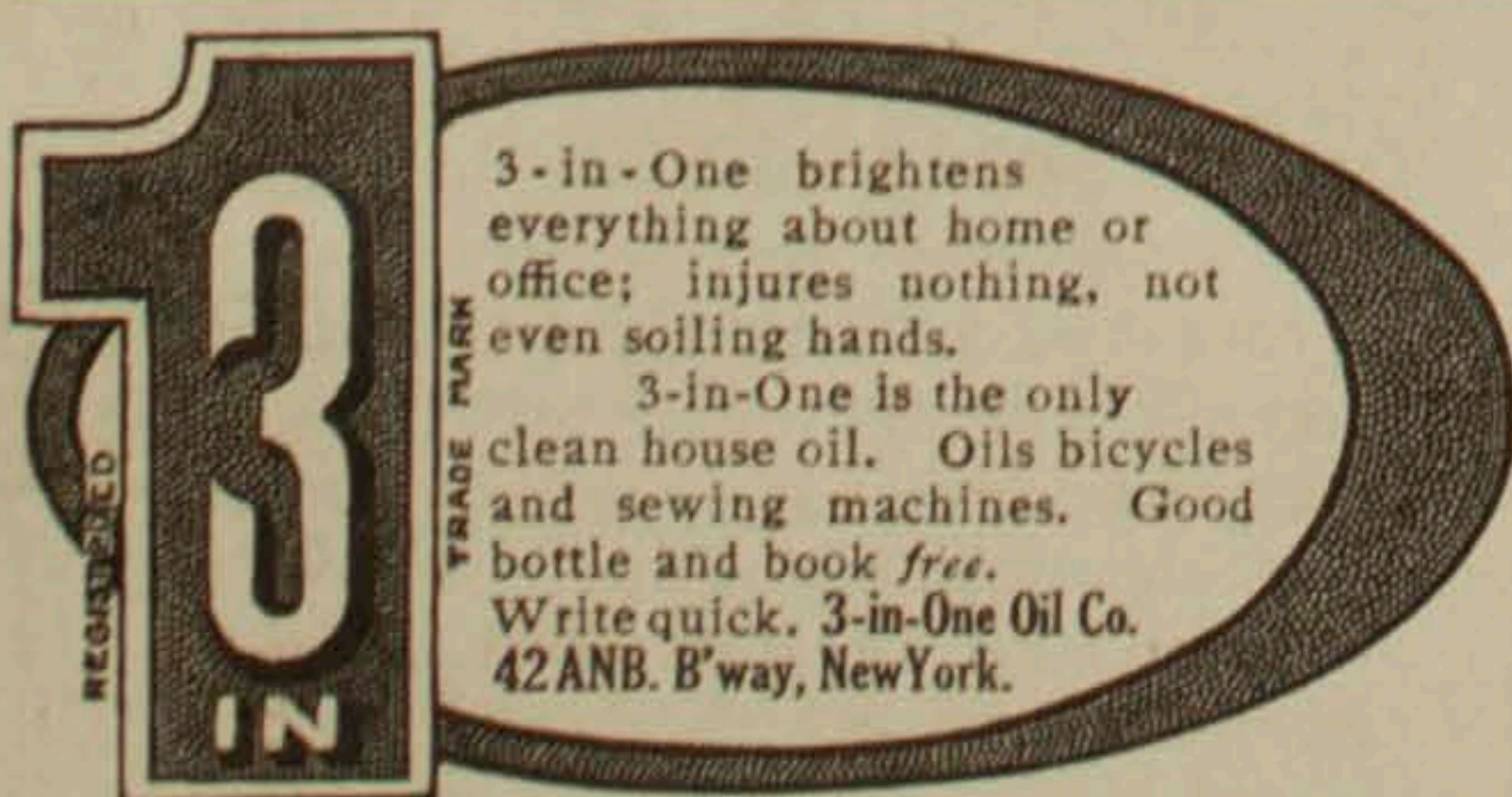
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as they ambled arm in arm between the lumber piles. "Smell the woodsy odors? Aren't they fine? Over there is Balsam Boulevard. And here we are."

He unlocked the little door and with the dignity of a knight waited for her to precede him. "Step right in, Mrs. Hudders. Well, what do you think of it?"

"It's pretty small."

"That's what Napoleon said of Elba. Some improvements must be made of course. You'll want a wardrobe, a new broom, more towels, a longer clothes-line, and I don't know what all."

"And now for the wedding banquet," continued Giles. "We'll have pea soup first, then bacon and eggs. By the way," pushing aside the little sliding door—"here is my kitchen, and there is a bang-up cellar for stores. Everything as handy, you see, as a pocket in a nightie."

MARY began to roll up her sleeves. "Oh, let me get the meal," she exclaimed. "You sit down and smoke while I'm getting it ready."

"I don't smoke any more," Giles said emphatically—"it's expensive; but I chew slippery-elm bark that I get for nothing. Well, if you don't want me, after I get a pail of fresh water, I'll take a stroll down Oak Street into Maple Place, and so around home by way of Walnut Avenue."

"It sounds as if you were going miles and miles," laughed Mary. "Don't be gone long, for the feast will be ready soon."

"All right, darling," answered Giles, starting off then for the pump at the lower end of the yard. He whistled going and coming; and when he reached the house he peeped through one of the windows to see what Mary was doing. She was bending over the spider, frying the bacon and eggs—and singing like a nightingale! The song was the old favorite, "Silver Threads Among the Gold," and Giles thrilled to it. He liked, too, to watch his wife getting their meal. That seemed like the real thing.

They behaved like children as the meal progressed, Mary laughing uproariously when Giles called her the "Lady of Lumberhurst," and both recalling amusing incidents of their youthful days at Cranberryport. Night came and with it a caller—no other than John Clegg, who was much taken aback at seeing a woman there.

"Come in, Mr. Clegg," was Giles's welcome. "Glad to see you. Shake hands with Mrs. Hudders—the cruel one I told you about. Yes, sure thing! We were married four hours ago—here's the certificate to prove it."

"My congratulations," stammered Clegg as he grasped the hand of the bride, who was blushing beautifully. "Why didn't you let a fellow know? I'd have been your best man and bought a bouquet for Mrs. Di."

"Mrs. who?" asked Mary.

"They call me Diogenes around here," Giles explained and the caller declared before he left that he would have his "missis" call upon Mrs. Hudders.

MARY adapted herself to her new life with amazing tact and good nature; she was even proud to be the chatelaine of this tiny chateau. She grew happier every day, and much more like her former self both in mind and body.

Ten months after his marriage, Giles (who was a street-car conductor now, getting two dollars a day), put a last addition to Lumberhurst. He called it the "Red Room," as it was lined throughout with building paper in that cozy color; and there, some two months after its completion, he stood looking down upon the little new-born infant upon Mary's bosom. There was nothing unusual about that infant, beyond a tiny mole behind his left ear and a fine lustiness. He was a boy baby.

"Pretty good for such as us," said Mary looking up with deep eyes.

"Bet your life," chuckled Giles.

And long they spoke of the good way in which they would bring him up, this little son of their old and new love, who would, of course, redeem their own failures with a glorious career.

"Yes, we'll have to go back to Cranberryport," declared Mary drowsily at last. "It's better for the boy; and this shack is bound to go for kindling wood some time or other."

"Sure," assented Giles after a pensive pause. "Nothing lasts in this rushing city. But I'm not going to forget it, I can tell you, for Solomon in his temple couldn't have been any happier than I have been in Lumberhurst by the River."

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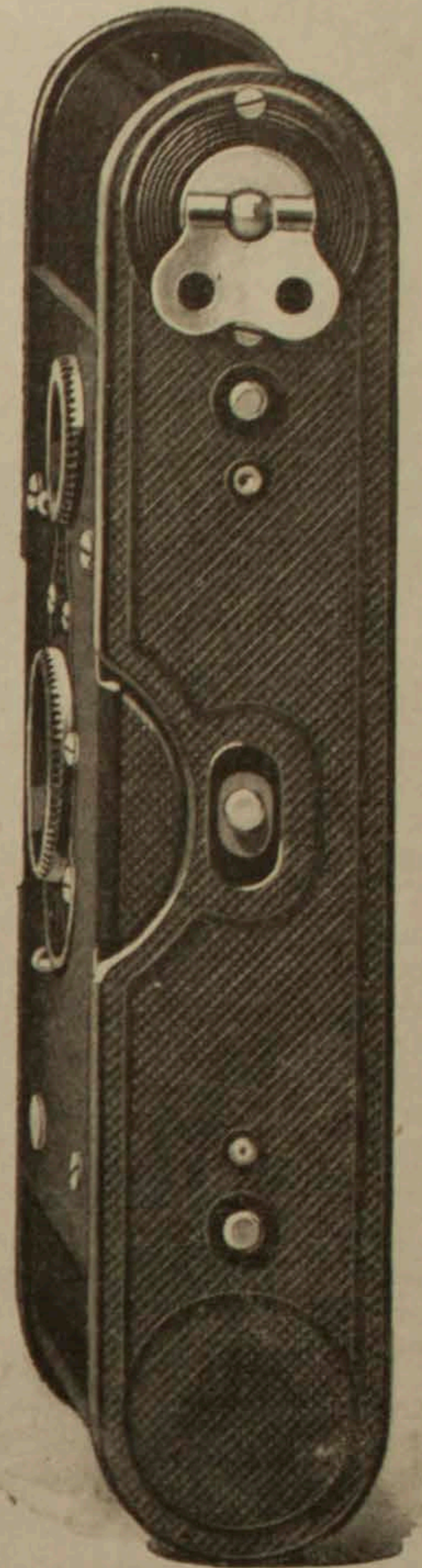
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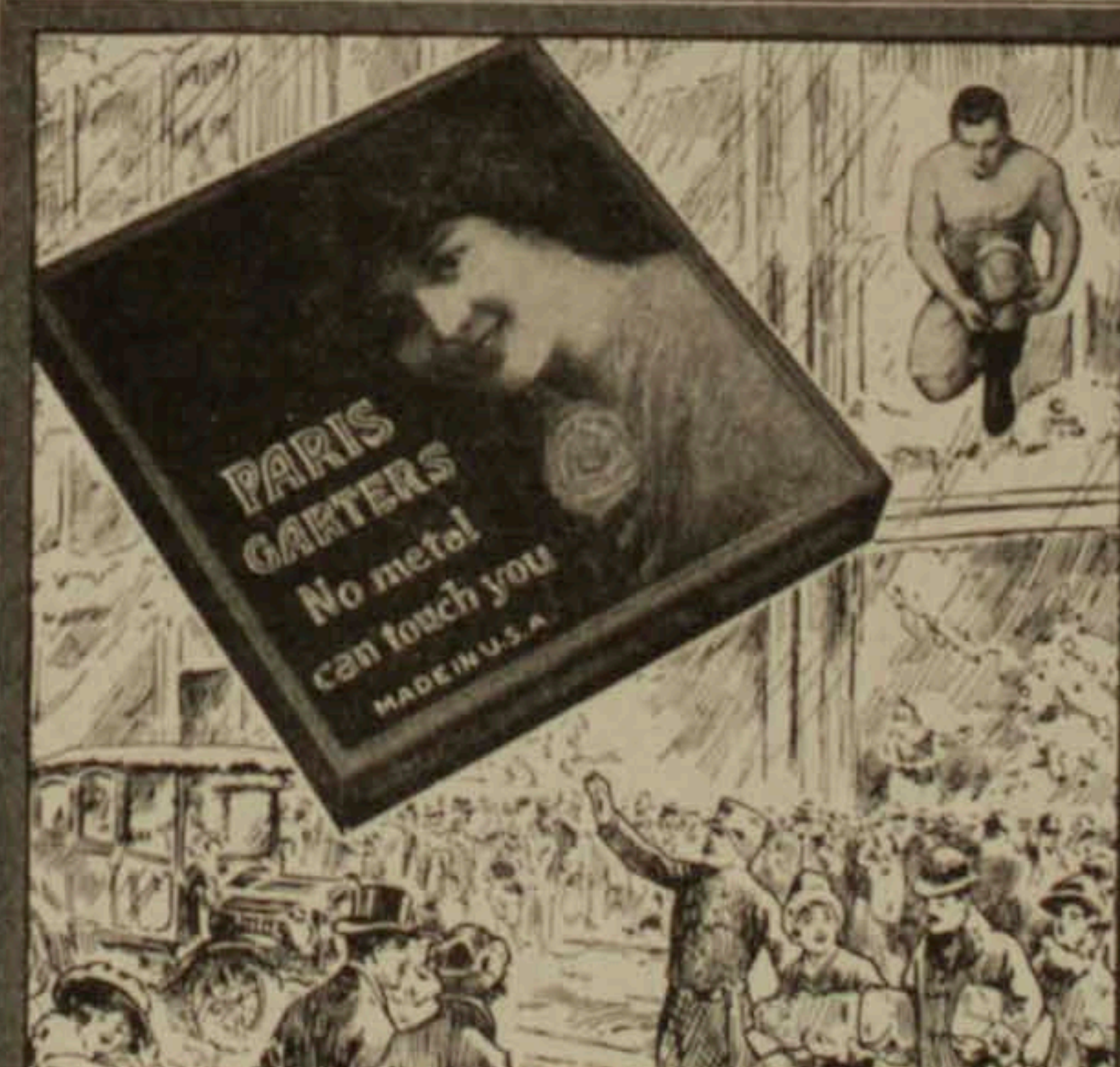
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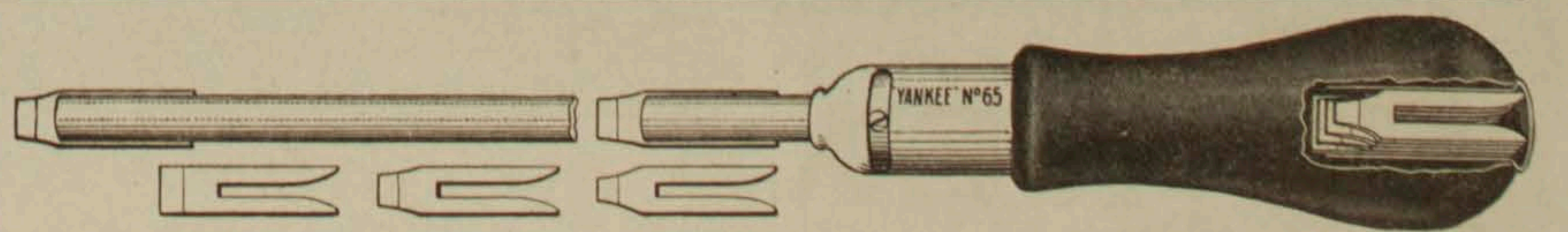
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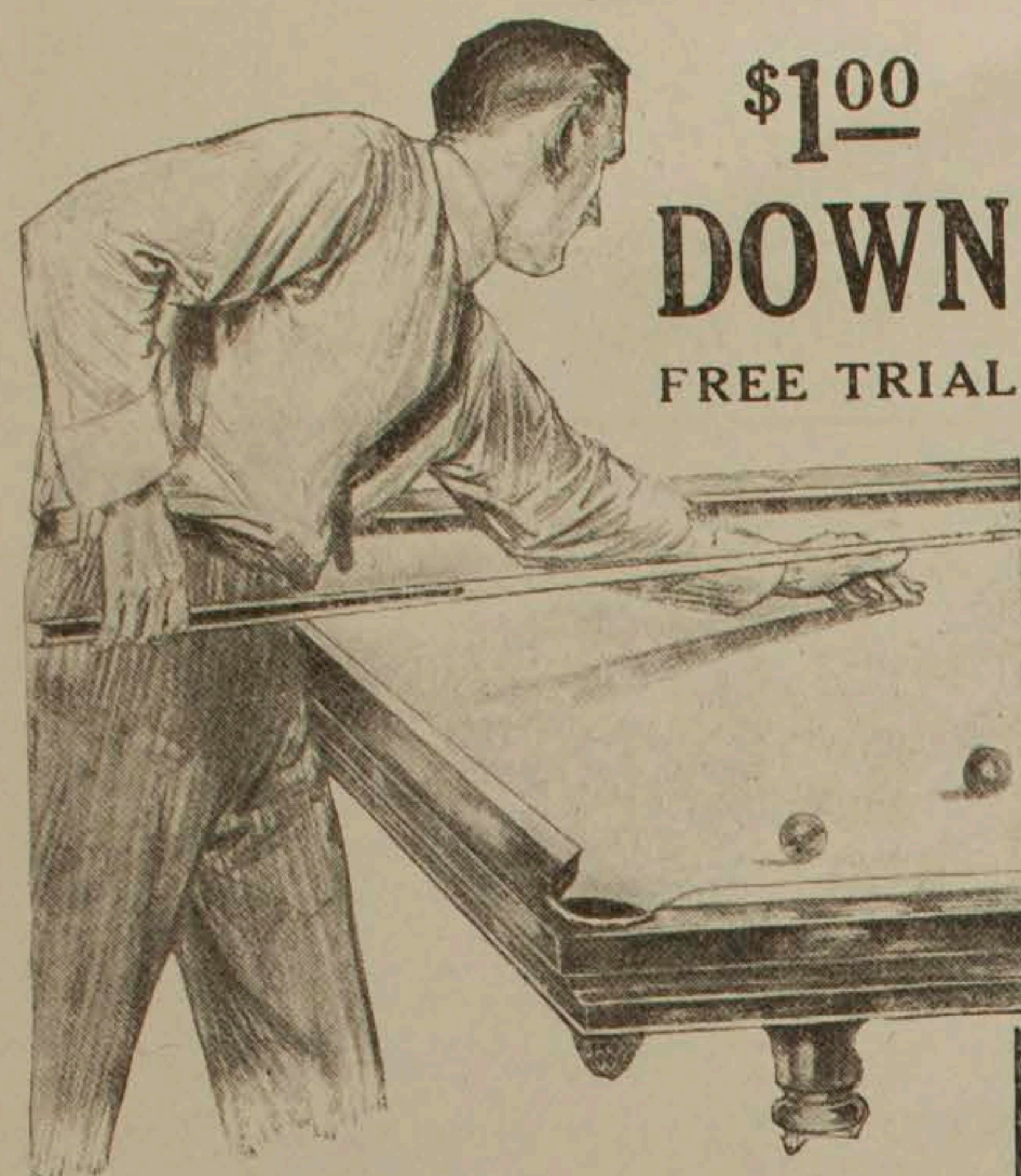
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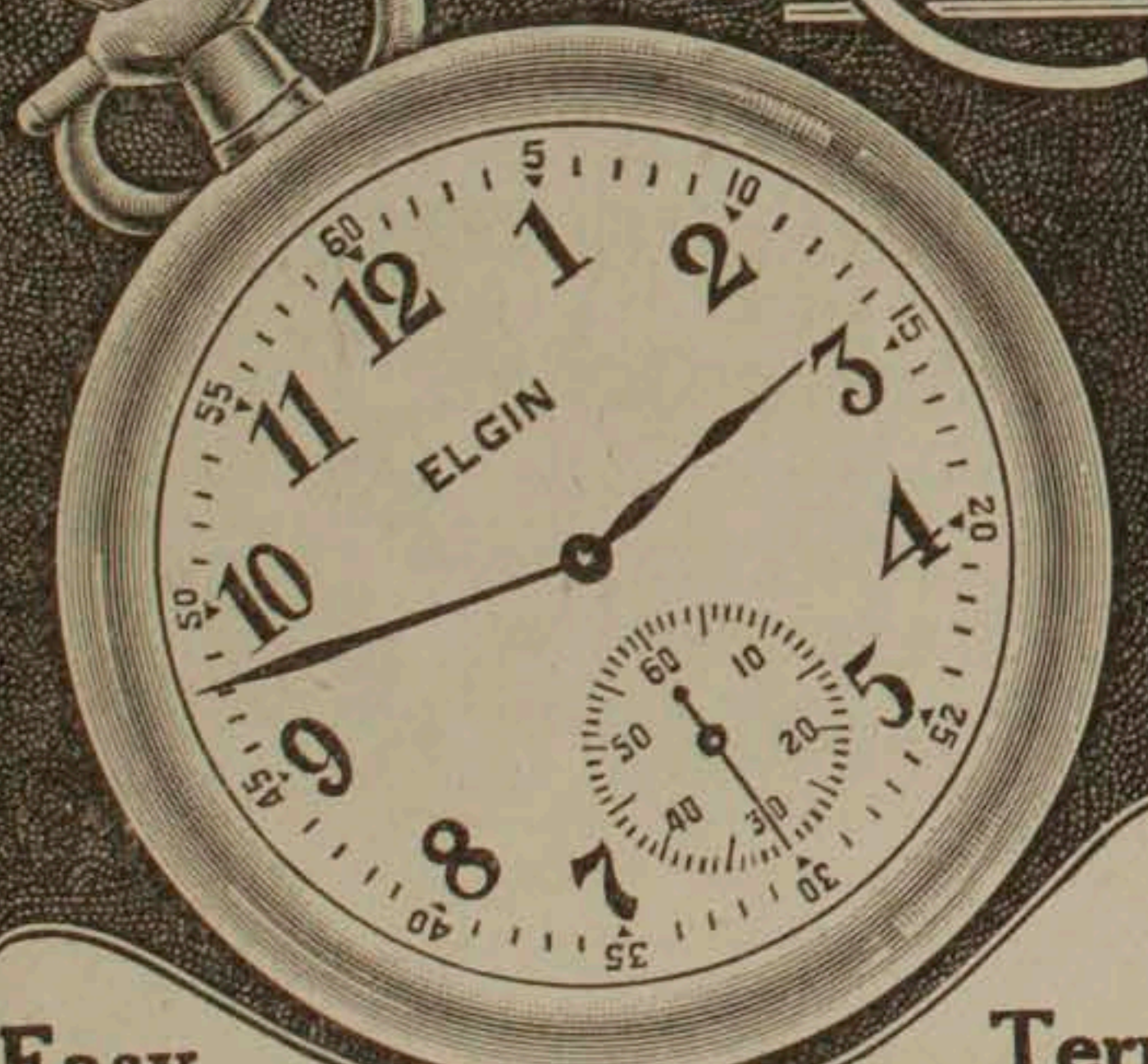
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Asquith—England's Man at the Helm

(Continued from page 6)

covers practically all workers of either sex, between the ages of sixteen and seventy, with wages not more than £160 a year, have been carried on to the statute books. Add to these accomplishments the historic trouble makers, Home Rule for Ireland and Welsh Church Disestablishment, both of which have now received the royal assent; Home Rule after twenty-eight years of effort by a bill introduced and passed by the Prime Minister, and Disestablishment, introduced first by Mr. Asquith under Gladstone, after twenty years of waiting. Then remember that these two momentous reforms could not have been made law but for the Parliamentary Act, the Premier's own measure that abolished the veto of the House of Lords, and freed the democratic institutions of England of the last strain of feudalism.

Nor should one forget that Mr. Asquith was the first Minister of England to recognize the right of every man and woman in the country to live in comfort when too infirm to earn a living. While Chancellor of the Exchequer he gave old-age pensions to the poor.

He is not, and has never been, a lawyer before a public man. Always he was a Liberal first; always willing to let his legal work in the country suffer for the sake of his political work in London, but never to permit his legal work in London to interfere with his political work in the country. Just before he became Chancellor of the Exchequer he was offered a fee of 10,000 guineas (over \$50,000) to argue a case in Egypt. Because Liberalism had need of him he declined. And he is not a man of means.

The Choice Was Germany's

IT is as that kind of lawyer that Mr. Asquith views England's case. Under his direction the preparation has been brilliant and effective, and with it he is satisfied. He simply refers you to the record—to the White Paper—at the same time urging you not to overlook certain important points.

"There was nothing in the quarrel, such as it was, between Austria and Serbia that could not, and would not, have been settled by pacific means," said Mr. Asquith in Dublin. "But in the judgment of those who guide and control German policy the hour had come to strike the blow that had been long and deliberately prepared. In their hands lay the choice between peace and war, and their election was for war."

In the dispatch of Sir M. de Bunsen, the British Ambassador at Vienna, which constitutes the third part of the White Paper, as the Prime Minister has repeatedly pointed out, the Austrian Foreign Office finally agreed with Russia to the mediation of the differences with Serbia, and to refrain from invading Serbian territory. Austria, in fact, had finally yielded—but too late. Unfortunately, the dispute had been transferred to the more dangerous ground of a direct conflict between Germany and Russia. Germany's ultimatum to Russia was presented after Austria had yielded and satisfied Russia.

No Aggression on Germany

REGARDING Sir Edward Grey's proposed peace conference: France and Italy promptly accepted the proposal—Germany declined, on the score that the conference was "not practicable." Italy, Germany's ally, then suggested that the German objections to the mediation of the four powers, strongly favored by Italy, might be removed by some change in the form of the procedure. Sir Edward Grey had anticipated this by asking the German Government to suggest any form of procedure it saw fit whereby the influence of the four powers could be used together to prevent European war. Not content with this, the next day the British Foreign Secretary urged upon Germany that the one way of maintaining good relations between England and Germany was that they should continue to work together to preserve the peace of Europe, and offered:

"If the peace of Europe can be preserved, and the present crisis safely passed, my own endeavor will be to promote some arrangement to which Germany could be a party, by which she could be assured that no aggressive or hostile policy would be pursued against her or her allies by France, Russia, and ourselves, jointly or separately."

When Sir E. Goschen, British Am-

bassador at Berlin, subsequently asked for a reply to this earnest suggestion on the part of Great Britain, he was told that Germany had not had time to send an answer.

Germany now blames the war on Russia's mobilization—but France and Russia expressed their readiness to keep their armies mobilized on their own sides of the frontier provided Germany would too. But here again Germany balked. Her Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs said to the British Ambassador that Germany had the speed, Russia the numbers, and that Germany could not allow Russia to bring up the masses of her troops. All throughout Germany was the balky horse.

The Only Answer

ONE vitally important revelation appertenant to the relations of England and Germany lies outside the White Paper. The Prime Minister has divulged a piece of secret diplomatic history which not only puts Great Britain in the light of seeking the best of relations with her present enemy, but demonstrates to what lengths the Liberal Government went, two years ago, to safeguard the peace of Europe.

"I wish to call not only your attention but the attention of the whole world to this," said Mr. Asquith, "when so many false legends were not being invented and circulated—in the year 1912—we laid down in terms carefully approved by the Cabinet, and which I will textually quote, what our relations with Germany ought in our view to be. We said, and we communicated this to the German Government: 'Britain declares that she will neither make, nor join in, any unprovoked attack upon Germany. Aggression upon Germany is not the subject, and forms no part, of any treaty, understanding, or combination to which Britain is now a party, nor will she become a party to anything that has such an object.' There is nothing ambiguous or equivocal about that."

"But that was not enough for German statesmanship. They wanted us to go further. They asked us to pledge ourselves absolutely to neutrality in the event of Germany being engaged in war, and this, mind you, at a time when Germany was enormously increasing both her aggressive and her defensive resources, especially upon the sea. They asked us, to put it quite plainly, for a free hand, so far as we were concerned, when they selected the opportunity to overbear, to dominate, the European world. To such a demand but one answer was possible, and that was the answer we gave."

Might Have Saved Europe

IN his dispatch reviewing events at Vienna in the crisis the British Ambassador expressed the opinion that "a few days' delay might in all probability have saved Europe from one of the greatest calamities in history." Reading this over brought to my mind Secretary Bryan's "cooling-off" treaties, which are in course of ratification between the United States and foreign countries, one now constituting an international pact between our country and Great Britain. So I made reference to the opinion of Ambassador de Bunsen, and asked if this went to prove that "cooling-off" treaties would have prevented the war.

Mr. Asquith smiled—the sort of kindly smile a wise man, rich in experience, would bestow upon an innocent. Then he shook his head slowly but very decidedly. I remembered the words of Lord Bryce, author of "The American Commonwealth" and formerly Ambassador to the United States:

"No scheme for preventing future wars will have any chance of success unless it rests upon the assurance that the states which enter into it will loyally and steadfastly abide by it, and that each and all of them will join in coercing, by their overwhelming united strength, any state which may disregard the obligations it has undertaken"—and I felt that this expressed Mr. Asquith's view.

The Crucial Consideration

THERE is a tone of indignation in the Prime Minister's voice whenever he refers to the "infamous proposal" respecting Belgium's neutrality. France unhesitatingly agreed to honor it—Germany would not agree. This, the position of the small states, he considers "the crucial and governing consideration."



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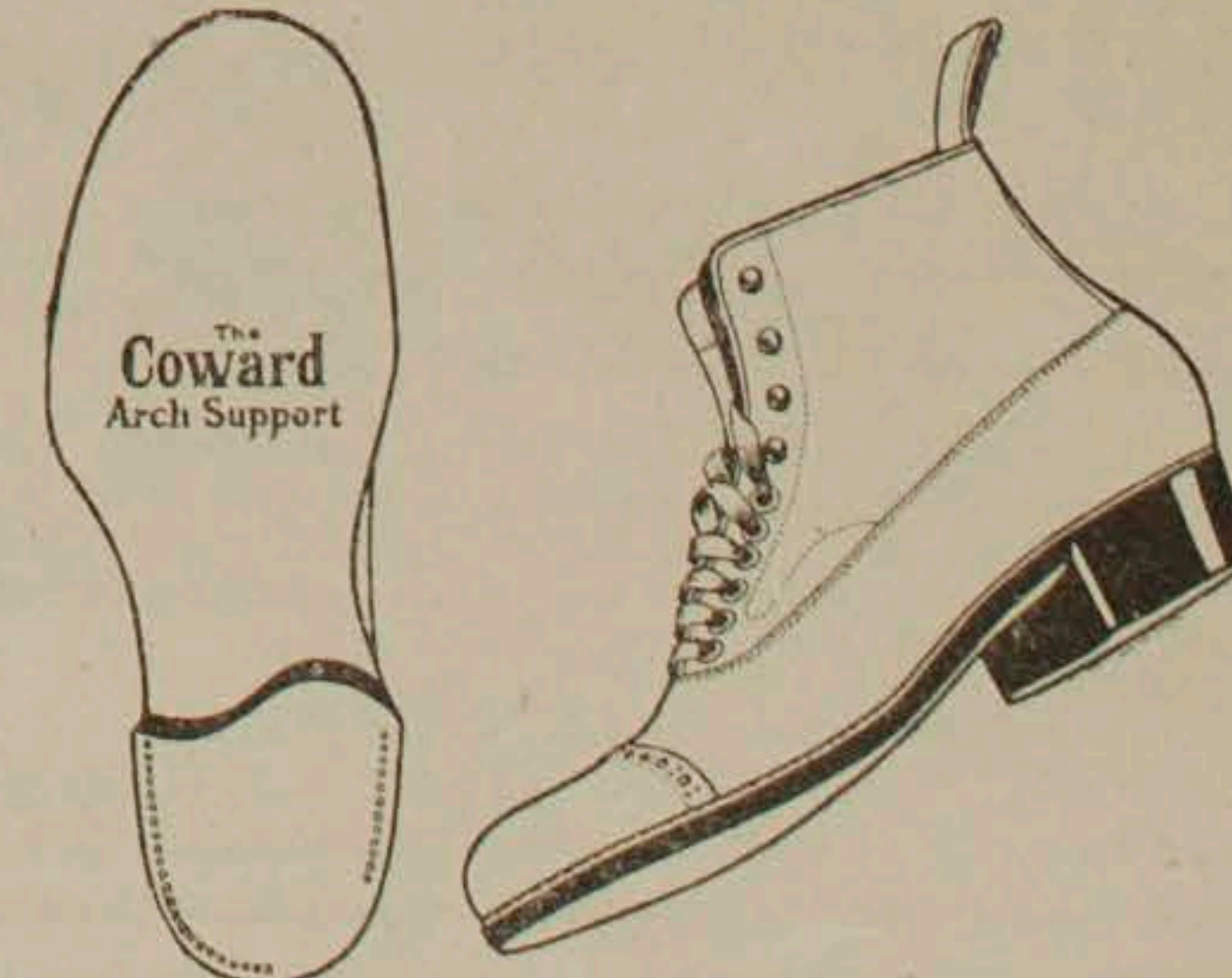
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As regards Holland, so long as Germany's adversaries respected the integrity and neutrality of the Netherlands, Germany was ready to give Great Britain an undertaking that she would do likewise—is Mr. Asquith's viewpoint. But in the case of Belgium, it depended upon the action of France what operations Germany would be forced to enter upon in Belgium; when the war was over Belgium's integrity would be respected if she had not sided against Germany. Observe the distinction between the two cases. An assurance is given as regards the independence and neutrality of Holland, but as regards Belgium there is no mention of neutrality at all, but an assurance—not so much as a "scrap of paper"—that when the war is over her integrity will be respected if she has not sided against Germany.

What were we to get in return for assenting to this infamous proposal—for this betrayal of our friends and this dishonoring of our obligations? We were to get promises, nothing more, made by a power which, I am sorry to say, was at that very moment announcing its intention to violate its own treaty and was asking us to do the same. If we had done that, this country would have been forever dishonored.

Mr. Asquith Supposes

SUPPOSE we, the British people, had bartered away our pledged word. We should then have seen, at the instance and by the action of two of the guaranteeing powers, Belgium's neutrality violated, her independence strangled, her territory made use of as affording the easiest and most convenient road to a war of unprovoked aggression against France. We should have been standing by while the small and unprotected state, in defense of her vital liberties, made a heroic stand against overweening and overwhelming force. We should have been idle spectators of the siege of Liege, of the occupation of Brussels, of the fall of Antwerp, of the buccaneering levies exacted from the unoffending civil population, and, finally, of the greatest crimes against civilization since the Thirty Years' War—the sack of Louvain, with its buildings, its pictures, its unique library, and then the desecration and ruination of the magnificent Cathedral of Rheims; a profligate holocaust of irreparable treasures, lit up by wicked barbarian vengeance. For my part, sooner than be a supine witness to this triumph of brutality over freedom, I would see my country blotted out of the pages of history.

The Premier on Pacifists

AS in times of peace there are always jingoes ranting about, so in war times there are self-elected pacifists crowding into print. Anyone at all familiar with sentiment in England—sentiment both in and out of official circles—would have known long since that the day has not arrived to talk of peace. Germany may be talking of "the day," but not England. The Prime Minister has publicly said that, having drawn the sword for a "just and worthy cause," Great Britain "cannot lay down the sword until, by the vindication of that cause, the peace of Europe is assured." Mr. Churchill, undoubtedly with the sanction of the Cabinet, has gone so far as to assert that the "war must create a new map of Europe, based on the principles of nationality, the liberation of the peoples and the guarantee of their independence, and the freeing of Europe from the unbearable burden of armaments."

Although Great Britain and Ireland present to the enemy a united front, still for a neutral nation to judge of England's motives, and particularly of her intentions, parties must not be entirely lost sight of; certainly not the Liberal party, constituting as it does the backbone of the Ministry. To-day the Liberal party has a greater hold on the public imagination than ever before, for it has added to

the popular belief in its desire for social betterment a Conservative acknowledgment of its thorough efficiency.

The Liberal Achievement

LET us in America remember, therefore, that it was the Unionist party that blundered into war with the Boers. At the time Mr. Asquith stated very forcibly what ought to be Great Britain's attitude after victory.

"I dissociate myself," he said, "entirely from those who hail the war, this lamentable war, as a means to an ulterior end, the subordination of the Boers and the annexation of the Dutch Republic. Such an intention has been emphatically and repeatedly repudiated by her Majesty's Government. To adopt that, to coquet with it, to connive at it, would be to justify a hundredfold the charges of pharisaism and hypocrisy which are being leveled against us by the writers of the continental press."

Following the war, this view was translated into Government policy by the Liberal party. Campbell-Bannerman gave complete self-government—as full as that enjoyed by Canada, for example—to the two South African Republics. He even agreed to the maintenance on equal terms of the Dutch language. The fruits of this generous policy are now seen in the spectacle of Boers who fought England now coming forward to support her under their old leader, General Botha.

There is, too, what the Liberal Government has promised to Ireland. But perhaps in the social-justice legislation the Liberals have gained their highest character, living up to the ideal expressed by Mr. Asquith before the party was returned to power—his concise statement of Liberalism: "We believe that in the history of our race, of our country, there is an increasing purpose of which the larger abundance and the fairer apportionment of happiness is the end, and the associated energies of human beings in society and the state are the means."

Very English Indeed

IF Mr. Asquith is cold, at least his iciness is soon melted. Beneath the surface he is warm and natural, a man of deep emotion and great simplicity, a man with that rarest of all gifts, imagination—not to be confounded with "fancy." He has very little fancy; hates all form of preciosity, pose, self-consciousness, unhelpfulness, smallness of mind or nature. Such is the Prime Minister of England. But I am inclined to sympathize with the friend who said to him: "You are quite right to be firm, but need you look so very firm?"

"Uneasy lies the head that sleeps at 10 Downing Street," recently said Lord Rosebery. (At the official residence of the Prime Minister, you observe, not Buckingham Palace.)

Lord Rosebery speaks from irksome experience. For one year, following Gladstone's resignation, he was Prime Minister. But he found his health giving way under the responsibilities of the premiership. Uneasy lay his head in Downing Street; and, no doubt, he was relieved to find the Liberal party in opposition.

After a parliamentary experience of twenty-one years, in which he served as Home Secretary under Gladstone, and as Chancellor of the Exchequer under his last chief, Mr. Asquith succeeded Sir H. Campbell-Bannerman as head of the Liberal Government early in 1908. For the best part of seven years, therefore, he has been Prime Minister. And what fruitful years!

What He Has Done

MR. ASQUITH has courageously faced a domestic crisis when, as said the King, civil war was on the lips of the most responsible of British subjects. Crowning all, he has been called upon to guide England through the greatest conflict of history. How could the head at 10 Downing Street be at ease?



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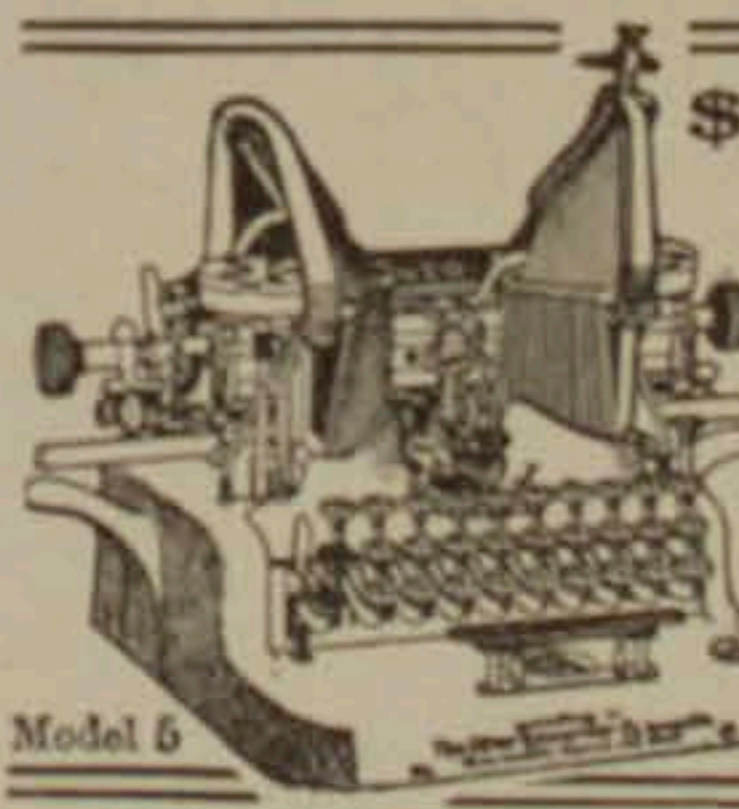
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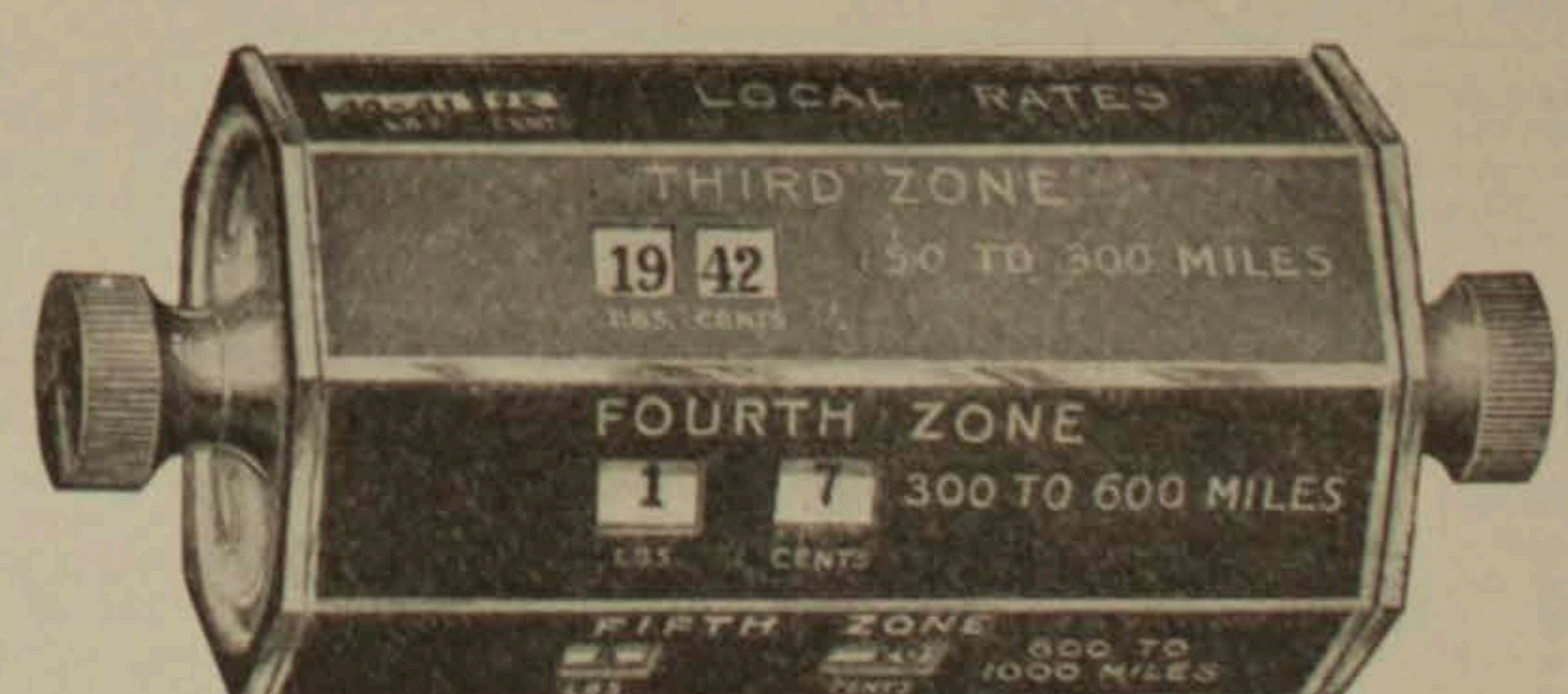
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Number 12

COLLIER'S, THE NATIONAL WEEKLY

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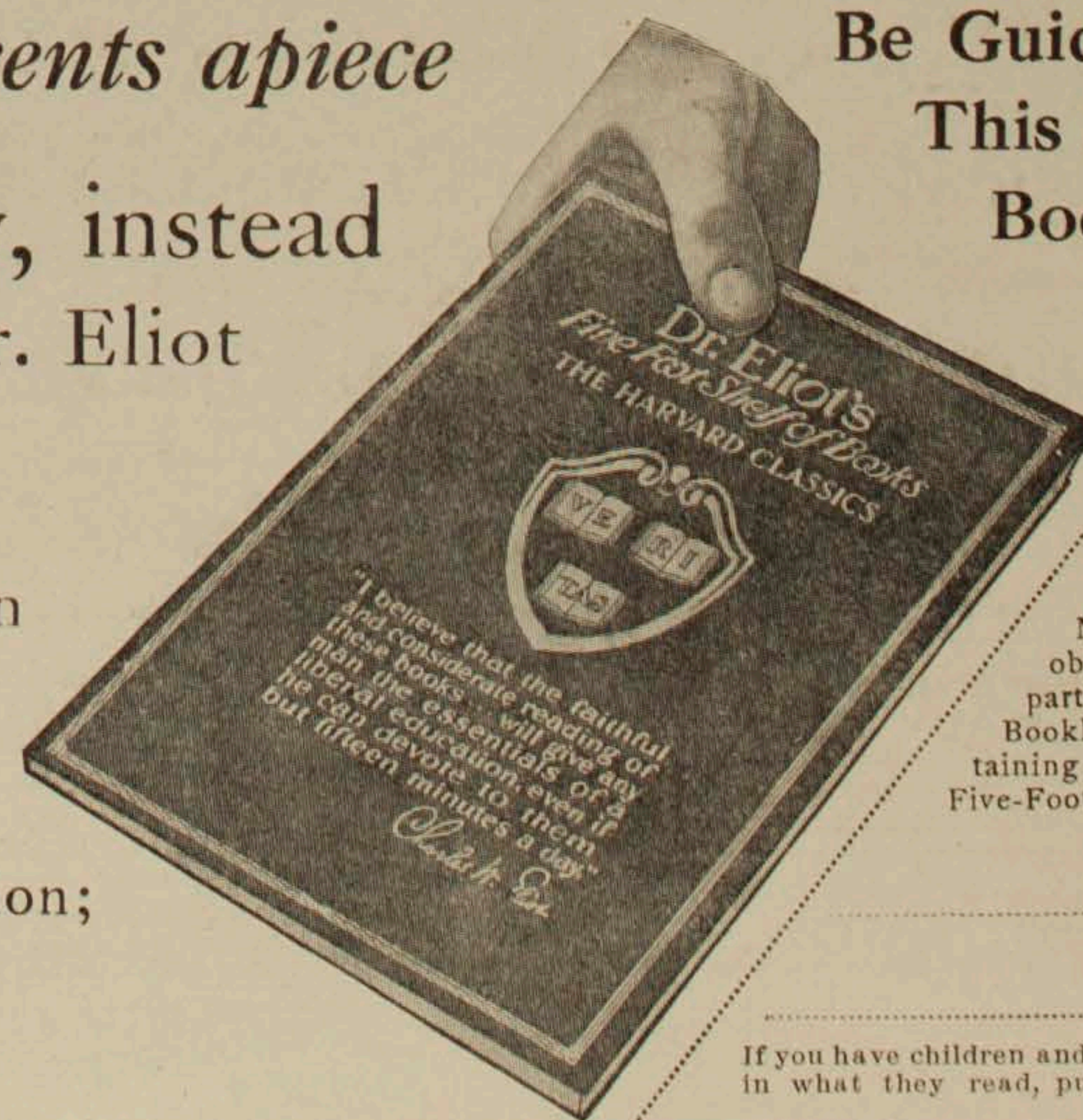
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